

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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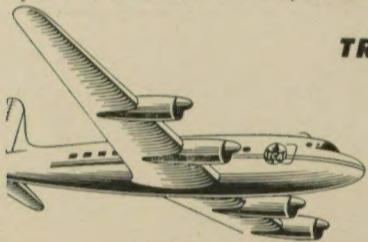
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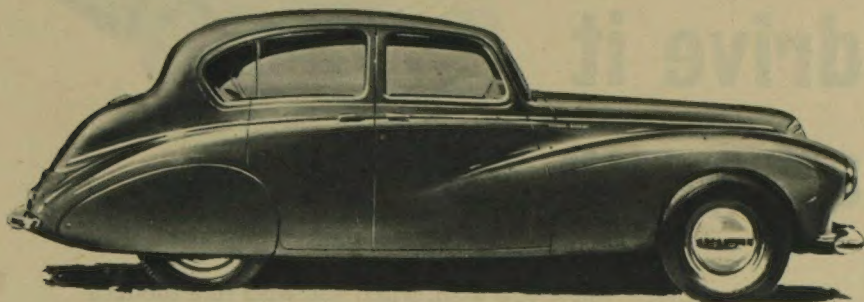
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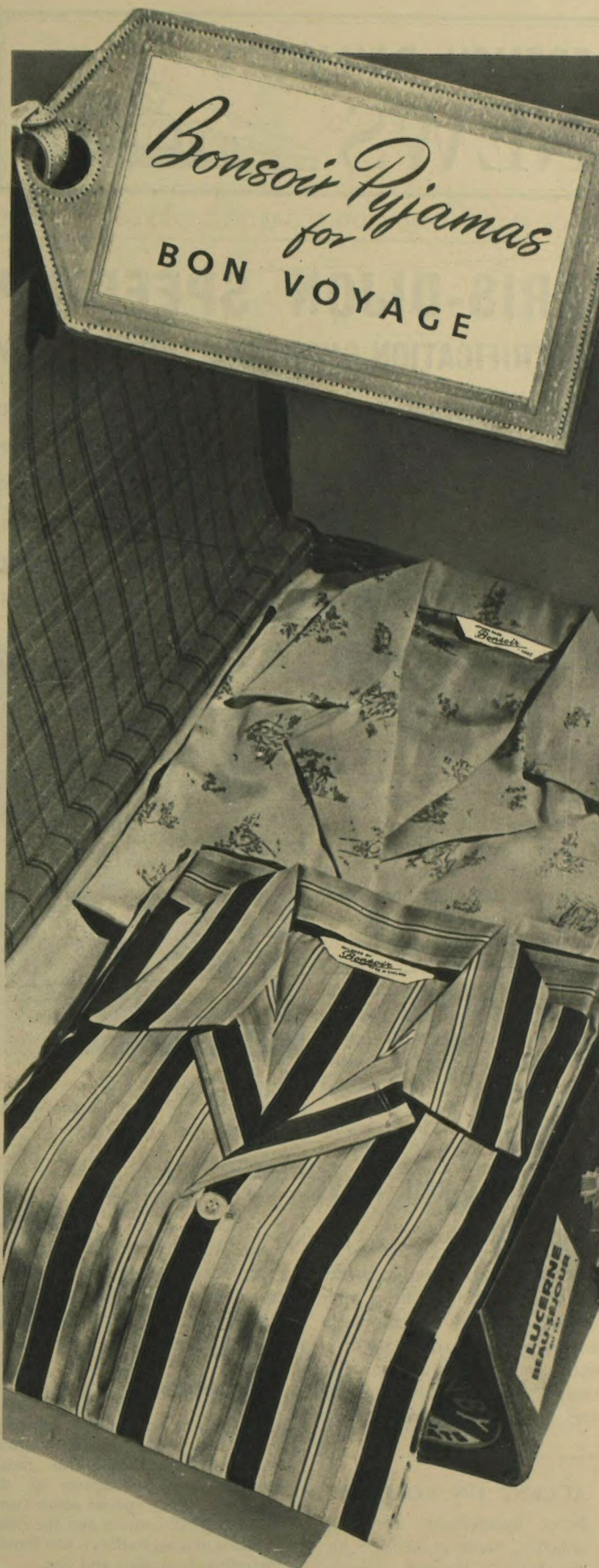


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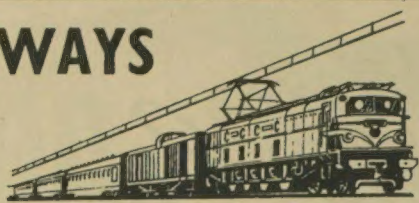


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FRENCH RAILWAYS NEWS



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...and so to bed. These 1st class couchette passengers can look forward to a night's travel in comfort.



French Railways Ltd., at 16s. 6d. per berth for any destination in France.

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GOURMETS' DELIGHT

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You will enjoy the fascinating new booklet "France", packed with pictures in full colour and monochrome. Write for your copy now.

Information, reservations and tickets from your Travel Agent or

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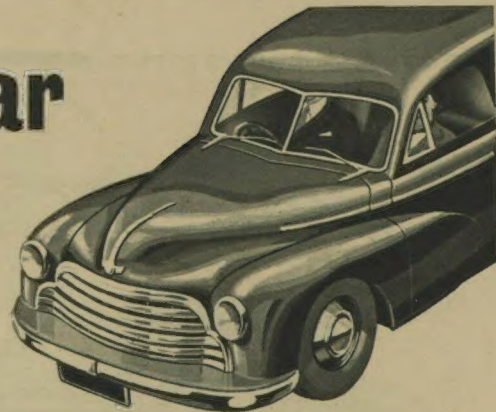
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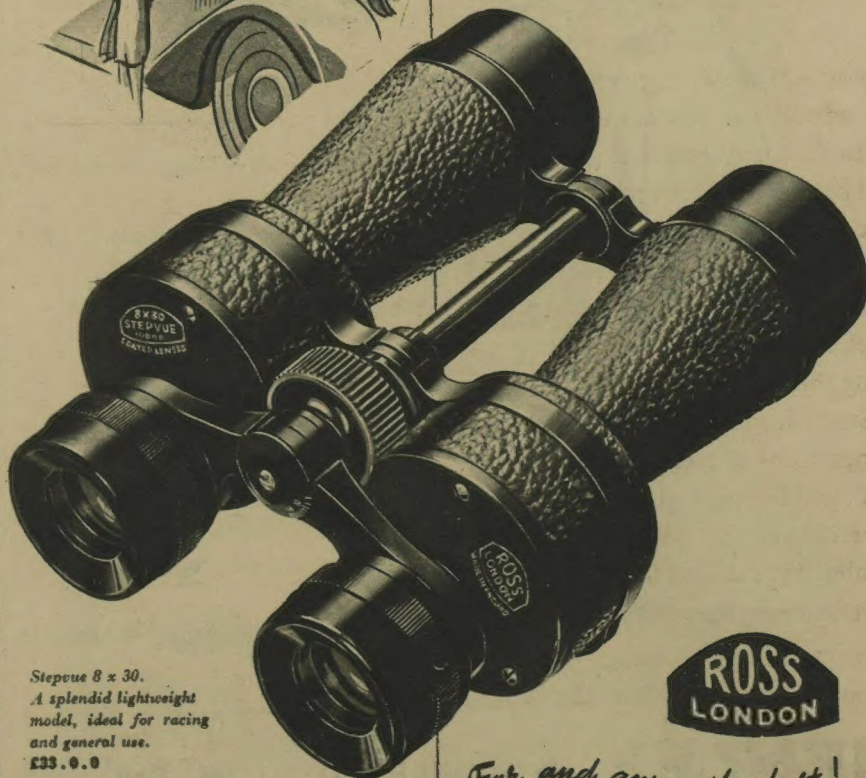
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Start keeping records—make comparisons of tyre performance and you'll develop a healthy appreciation of the m.p.t. a Henley Tyre delivers.

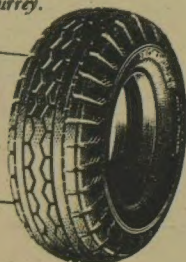
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Your m.p.t. figures will give a demonstration of what the

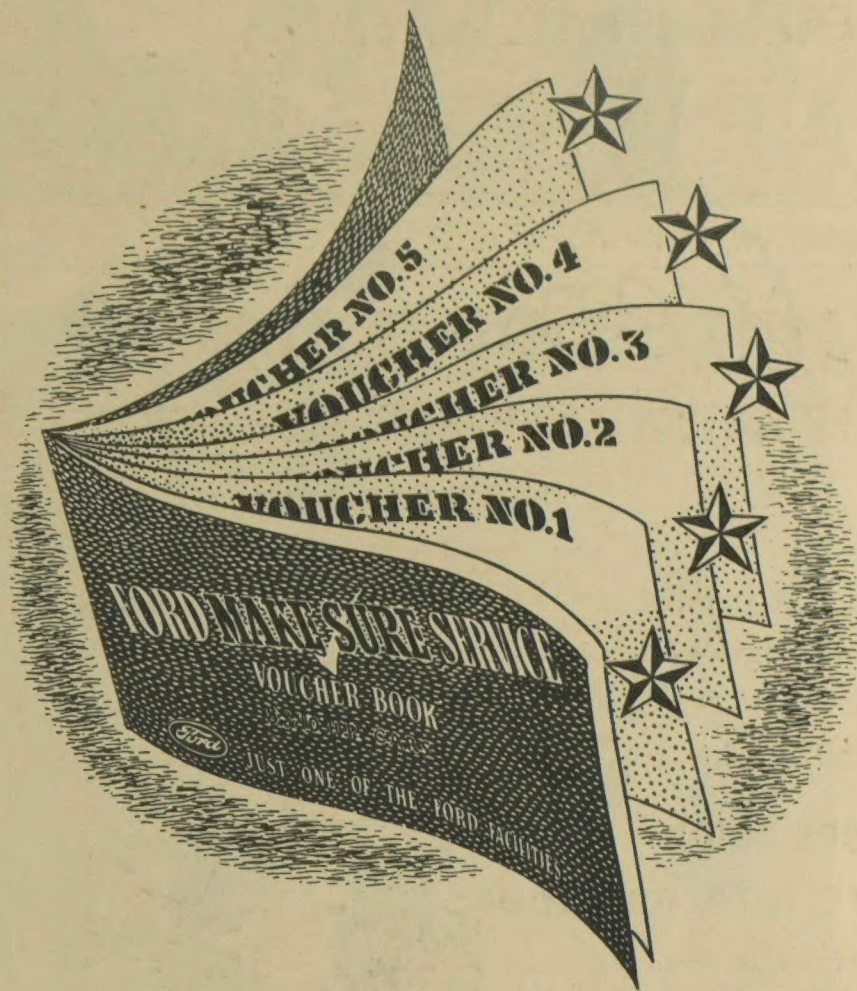
Henley Incentive Scheme means to you. Better pay for better work certainly makes a difference to the mileage your tyres give you. Henley's method of production puts all its emphasis on *quality* rather than quantity. What this means in improving tyre performance and cutting tyre bills, you can prove for yourself.

Send for free booklet "Incentive in Action" which tells how quality is built into Henley Tyres, to Henley's Tyre & Rubber Co. Ltd., Milton Court, Dorking, Surrey.

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HENLEY TYRES



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The Scotch Blackfaced sheep comes in for a lot of acclamation, for he's the chap whose springy wool gives resilience to BMK carpets. Blended with other fine wools, it's woven with old Kilmarnock craftsmanship, on modern looms, into attractive hard-wearing designs. These carpets are permanently proof against moth, have long life ahead of them, and proclaim themselves by the BMK label—hailed with cries of joy all over the country!



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mothproof
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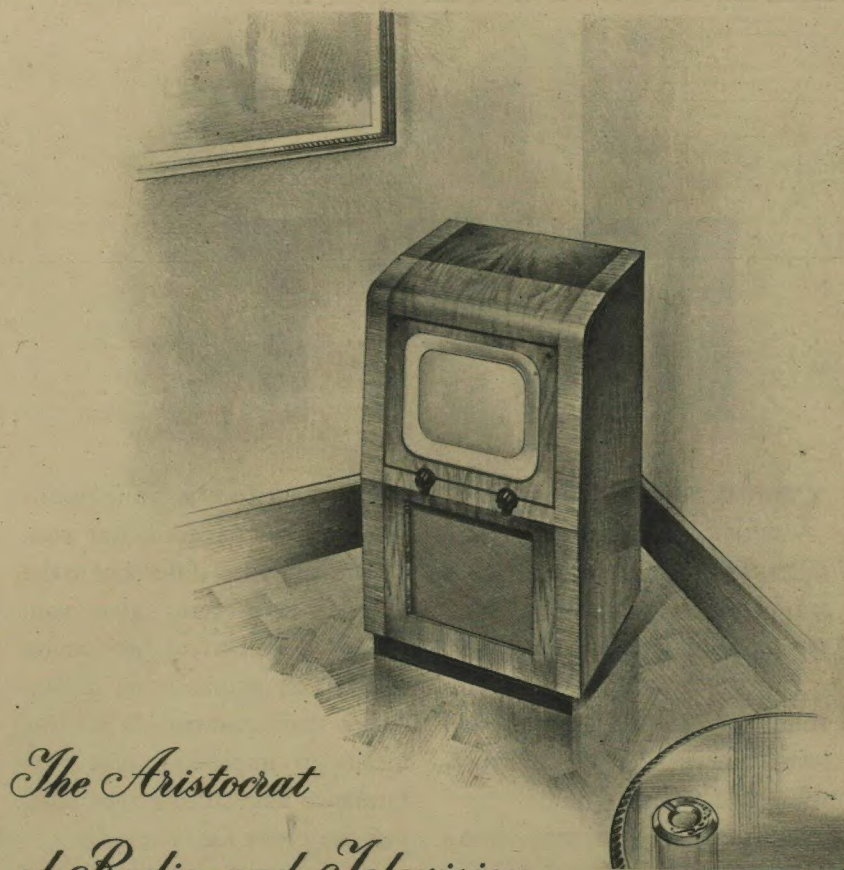


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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1951.



THE marriage of the thirty-one-year-old Shah of Persia, Muhammed Riza Pahlevi, to Miss Soraya Esfandiari-Bakhtiari, aged nineteen, granddaughter of the ruling chief of the Bakhtiari, took place in Teheran on February 12. It had originally been arranged for December 27, 1950, but was postponed on account of the illness of the bride. It was the Shah's second marriage. His marriage to King Farouk's sister, Princess Fawzia, was dissolved in 1948. The ceremony was according to the Shia Moslem ritual, and took place in the Shah's marble palace, with the bridegroom and the veiled bride seated together before a great mirror. Only some twenty guests, including the Prime Minister and one representative each of the Assembly and Senate, were invited to attend the ceremony, but after it had taken place the Shah and his

bride attended a dinner of some 2000 guests at the Gulistan Palace. The King and Queen sent a pair of Georgian candelabra as their gift and the President of the United States a Steuben crystal vase; while the present of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. took the form of a £25,000 grant for a hospital. In accordance with the wishes of the Shah, the customary four days' feasting did not take place, but the day was a public holiday, with firework displays and the distribution of free food for the poor. Orchids, carnations, daffodils and lilac weighing over a ton were sent by air from Holland—gifts of the Persian Royal Family, the Mayor of Teheran, and wedding guests. The bride's dress, designed by Christian Dior, was of silver lamé, embroidered with crystals and jewels, with scallops of net edged with swansdown.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA, MUHAMMED RIZA PAHLEVI, TO MISS SORAYA ESFANDIARI-BAKHTIARI ON FEBRUARY 12, THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHEN I was a small boy and played with my brother at vast creative games with toy figures and houses on the nursery floor, it was always my brother's ambition—scarcely ever realised—to play out a day of toy-life, the life that we created together, without the intervention of some violent social or political disaster to our creatures. These always, however, occurred. It was I who saw to that. For it was I who controlled the toy politicians and the toy soldiers, including their noble but ambitious generals, and who also controlled those superhuman acts of divinity, fire, storm, flood and pestilence, which can cause so much disturbance and distress to mortal life. My brother, who was younger, only controlled the Royal family and their servants, and the Royal family in our toy kingdom was fashioned on our own excellent Constitutional Monarchy. Its members, like ordinary folk, were expected to conform to the pattern of fate worked out by the ambitions and projects of statesmen and legislators and to get through their daily duties as best they could amid whatever disturbances fate and political fortune might bring. And it brought, as I remember, some pretty severe ones.

I can sympathise better with my brother now. Since I have grown up, the political controllers of this troubled world have got completely out of hand—even those of this quiet country. They are always planning new and unexpected things for us, and all the things they plan—most of which, so far as the ultimate good they intend is concerned, seem to cancel one another out—have one result in common; that they make the normal routine of life very difficult for the rest of us. For it is perpetually being disturbed. And, like my brother in those far days on the nursery floor, I am driven to ask our rulers the question: may not you be trying, I know with the very best intentions, to do too many things at once? Would it not, therefore, be wise to go a little slower? To suit the pace and deviations of the ship of State to the capacity and balance of the ordinary man?

In the past the power of those who ruled to upset men's lives was normally held in check by their very limited control over physical phenomena. However much they might want to, they could never go about changing things very fast. Ordinary folk, as a result, usually had time to accustom and adjust themselves to what the course of State policy and legislation brought forth. The scientists and inventors have changed all that. They have presented the politicians with a thousand new ways of surprising and disturbing us. At the press of a button and in the twinkling of an eye, the latter can now transform our familiar surroundings from rural to urban, blow up our houses, spirit away our incomes and savings, vary our diet and even, with their propaganda machines of wireless, cinema and newsprint, re-fashion our beliefs, principles, manners and prejudices. As one grows older, and the longing for what one knew in youth grows stronger, one finds oneself in a desert of change; one has left the world one knew long before death is ready to call one to another. Even the politicians themselves become projected into the fate they have so unthinkingly precipitated for others. Many of the older

reformers of our age are quite pathetic in their response to the new world, or, rather, worlds—for these are changing all the time—in which they find themselves. Like the sorcerer's apprentice, they cannot undo what they have done or stop what they have loosed.

I am beginning to feel that the time has come to start an Anti-Reform League: not with the idea of preserving the *status quo* or preserving existing vested interests—there will always be inequality and injustice

human! We are outrunning our spiritual resources. We are even, science notwithstanding, outrunning our physical ones. What could be more absurd than our present attempt to give every man a television set, a Woodbine an hour, and a new film every week in the local cinema, at the expense of giving him enough to eat? Far better deflect national resources we are at present pouring into the film, tobacco and television industries into the far more urgent business of growing and purchasing food. It will be time to

give everyone a television set when we have done that. In our unreflective haste to do everything at once, we are ceasing to put first things first. And those who fail to put first things first—to put their feet on the ground before they go forward—are in danger of a nasty fall. It looks as though we were in danger of one now.

Even at this very moment, when we are being told of the immense sacrifices that must be made to enable us to resume at speed the arms which we have so hastily and unnecessarily cast aside, it is impossible to open one's morning paper without seeing the announcement of some new project set on foot by administrators and legislators for deflecting labour and material from the necessities of the hour. Only this morning I read of a proposal, persisted in by authority in the face of every appeal to desist, for altering the façade of Carlton House Terrace and superimposing some vast bureaucratic brick or concrete box on top of it. Surely, if London is in grave danger of being subjected to atomic bombardment during the next year or two—as our rulers, who so foolishly allowed the secret of the atomic bomb to be smuggled away to our potential enemy, now warn us—it would be elementary common sense and economy to delay our more grandiose building projects, especially ones that seem so questionable and apparently unnecessary—for what is there in our singularly unsuccessful conduct of foreign affairs that calls for still more staff and buildings?—until the risk or actuality of atomic bombardment is past. People who are expecting to be pelted with stones shouldn't build glass houses!

They should learn, too, to concentrate. The courage to do so is the ultimate test of all real leadership. Even the Festival of Britain is less important—if our rulers speak truth, infinitely less important—than the business of getting on our armour before it is too late. A little while ago I used to comfort anxious friends whose homes or business lay

near Westminster Bridge, with the reflection that, as it was manifestly impossible to hold both a war and a Festival of Britain in the same year, there was no need for them to worry about both. I was apparently wrong, for our rulers seem to think otherwise. 1940 and 1951 were both, historically speaking, fine years for Britain, but it was as well they didn't fall together. And if we have got to be ready to make 1951 another 1940, even the fine effort, work and expenditure that have gone to make it another 1851 had better be written off until we are sure we have closed the dykes and kept out the sea that threatens to submerge us.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF FEBRUARY 15, 1851.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY: BY RICHARD DOYLE.

This drawing, reproduced from *The Illustrated London News* of a hundred years ago, was the work of Richard Doyle, who designed the sixth and last of *Punch's* covers. The present *Punch* cover drawing, which is his work, has been used continuously since 1849. The above drawing depicting "St. Valentine's Day" was accompanied by a number of verses by William Brough, all praising the delights of "Cupid's own holiday! Valentine's Day!", and describing the shop "Whose windows St. Valentine's letters display: The plain ones so cheap, and the colour'd so gay: But the colour'd are twopence—repining is vain—He has but a penny—he buys one plain." William Brough decries the "Vile wretches" to all sense of decency lost, Who put valentines recklessly into the post, Without paying the lawful penny."

of one kind or another, and, indeed, in the long run it perhaps matters little of what kind—but merely in order to give poor, hustled, breathless, confused, apprehensive humanity time to get its breath and take its bearings. There ought to be a brake on the coach of State; this mad careering along and about the road is depriving us of all satisfaction in our journey and of any understanding of its purpose and significance. And the best brake I can suggest would be a realisation on the part of legislators and administrators that, whatever temptations for going fast science may offer, it is an error in human dynamics to try to go too fast. Men just can't take it, and remain

AN EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRACY: GOLD COAST ELECTIONS AND A NATIONALIST VICTORY.



THE FIRST STAGE IN THE GOLD COAST'S FIRST GENERAL ELECTION: THE SOLE CANDIDATE (LEFT, HAND ON HIP) IN A VILLAGE PRIMARY IS RETURNED UNOPPOSED.



VOTING IN ACCRA, THE LARGEST TOWN, WHICH ELECTED TWO MEMBERS—ONE OF THEM THE IMPRISONED LEADER OF THE CONVENTION PEOPLE'S PARTY KWAME NKRUMAH.



TO PREVENT ELECTORS VOTING TWICE: AFTER HANDING IN HIS BALLOT, THE VOTER PRESSES HIS THUMB ON A PAD OF INDELIBLE PURPLE DYE.



A CANDIDATE IN THE PRIMARIES (CENTRE) BEING CONGRATULATED BY A SUPPORTER ON BEING CHOSEN AS HIS PARTY'S REPRESENTATIVE IN THE MAIN ELECTION.



BRINGING THE SECRET BALLOT TO A GOLD COAST VILLAGE: THE BOOTH HAVING BEEN SET UP IN A HUT, A CIVIL SERVANT (RIGHT) INSTRUCTS THE VILLAGE GATHERING.



THE RETURNING OFFICER (CENTRE) INTRODUCES THE CANDIDATES, EACH HOLDING HIS SYMBOL (AN ELEPHANT OR A FISH) FOR THE BENEFIT OF ILLITERATE VOTERS.

The first elections for the Gold Coast Legislative Assembly opened in the first week of February with various primary stages; and reached something of a climax on February 8, when heavy polling took place in the four big towns, and it became apparent that the strongly nationalistic Convention People's Party (C.P.P.) was sweeping the country. The last stage took place on February 11, when the paramount chiefs, in all their finery, met at Kumasi, Dodowah and Ho to elect their 18 Territorial Council representatives to the New Assembly. Other

outstanding elections were completed the same day; and the constitution of the Gold Coast's first Assembly was revealed as composed of 34 C.P.P. members, 3 United Gold Coast Convention, 1 Independent, 37 Territorial Council, 3 Chamber of Mines, 3 Chamber of Commerce—together with the Chief Secretary, Attorney-General and Finance Secretary. The C.P.P. was to send a deputation to the Governor, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, on February 12 to ask for the release of their party leader, Kwame Nkrumah (elected for Accra), from prison.

AT THE WORLD'S GREATEST DOG SHOW—CRUFT'S:



THE BEST CHOW CHOW: MRS. E. W. NICHOLSON'S BITCH *Ch. Ann of Kinshan*. BORN NOVEMBER 7, 1946.



THE BEST YORKSHIRE TERRIER: MR. A. H. COATES' DOG *Ch. Marjoryne Surprise of Athleigh*. BORN NOVEMBER 24, 1947.



THE BEST AFGHAN HOUND: MRS. F. C. SILEY'S DOG *Blackingley Tylenham*. BORN SEPTEMBER 13, 1948.



THE BEST KERRY BLUE TERRIER: MR. G. P. PEDERSEN'S DOG *Ch. Acquire Best Blue*. BORN JANUARY 18, 1948.



THE BEST AIREDALE TERRIER: MR. T. BRAMFORD'S BITCH *Ch. Waycroft Wonderous*. BORN APRIL 8, 1949.



THE BEST WEST HIGHLAND WHITE TERRIER: MR. E. WARD'S DOG *Mark of Old Trooper*. BORN JANUARY 17, 1948.



THE BEST BULL TERRIER: MR. C. R. H. EVANS' DOG *Ch. The Sphinx*. BORN JULY 7, 1948.



THE BEST MALTESE: MISS A. ROBERTS' BITCH *Harlington Mystic Moon*. BORN MAY 10, 1949.



THE BEST COCKER SPANIEL AND WINNER OF "COUNTRY LIFE'S" CHALLENGE TROPHY FOR THE BEST GUN-DOG: MR. R. L. LLOYD'S DOG *Joyous Bluey of Ware*. BORN APRIL 7, 1949.



THE BEST DALMATIAN: MISS E. V. BARNES AND MRS. D. H. HAMILTON'S DOG *Ch. Bell of the Wolf*.



THE BEST LONG-HAIRED MINIATURE DACHSHUND: MRS. O. SMITH-REWER'S DOG *Ch. Primrosepatch Jasper*. BORN OCTOBER 9, 1947.



THE BEST OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG AND RESERVE BEST DOG ON THE SECOND DAY: MR. AND MRS. E. T. HOWELL'S *Ch. Shepton Indomitable*.

The 1951 Cruft's Dog Show, organised by the Kennel Club, was held at Olympia, London, on February 9 and 10. One again crowds of dog-lovers flocked to Cruft's to see the finest dogs in the world competing for the championships which are all important in the canine world. The attendance figure of 50,000 showed that one in every thousand of the population of the United Kingdom went to Cruft's during the two-day show. The Supreme Championship was awarded to a Welsh terrier bitch, *Twyntar Dyma-Fi* (by *Stable Fancy—Fely-Mar*), owned by Captain and Mrs. I. M. Thomas, and bred by T. M. Jones. It was born on May 2, 1948. Reserve

best dog in the show was an Alsatian bitch, *Edana of Combelli* (by *Ludo of Druidswood—Sara of Redysville*), owned and bred by Mr. H. E. Johnson. Reserve best dog on the first day was a Saluki bitch, *Goldendown Nadir Nar* (by *Goldendown Ra'ad—Zakara Felicidad*), owned by Mr. W. D. Buglass and bred by Miss M. A. Eaton. Reserve best dog on the second day was an Old English Sheepdog, *Ch. Shepton Indomitable* (by *Ch. Shepton Surf King—Ch. Shepton Perfect Picture*), owned by Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Howells and bred by H. A. and H. A. F. Tilley. Five mastiffs, the first to be exhibited since 1939, caused great interest. This oldest of English

THE SUPREME CHAMPION AND OTHER NOTABLE WINNERS.



THE BEST ALSATIAN AND RESERVE BEST IN THE SHOW: MR. H. E. JOHNSON'S BITCH *Edana of Combelli*. BORN OCTOBER 9, 1948.



THE BEST GREAT DANE: MRS. M. JONES' DOG *Marfae Madara Ramon*. BORN AUGUST 7, 1949.



THE BEST SCHNAUZER: MRS. LEWIS-JONES' DOG *Blackout Deputy*. BORN MARCH 9, 1948.



ADJUDGED SUPREME CHAMPION OF CRUFT'S: THE WELSH TERRIER BITCH *Tynwalrh Dyma-Fi*, OWNED BY CAPTAIN AND MRS. I. M. THOMAS, AND BREED BY T. M. JONES. BORN MAY 2, 1948. BY *Stable Fancy—Fely-Mar*.



THE BEST CLUMBER SPANIEL: MR. W. J. CARRY'S DOG *Bibbin Flight*. BORN DECEMBER 1, 1948.



THE BEST ENGLISH SETTER: MISS M. E. JARREY'S DOG *Riflesque Top Note*. BORN APRIL 10, 1949.



THE BEST SALUKI AND RESERVE BEST DOG IN THE SHOW ON THE FIRST DAY: MR. W. D. BUGLASS' BITCH *Goldendown Nadir Nar*. BORN OCTOBER 7, 1949.



THE BEST FOX TERRIER (WIRE): MR. AND MRS. L. S. BERRY'S DOG *Rigbyes Ragade Nimbis*. BORN APRIL 14, 1949.



THE BEST BULLDOG: MRS. E. GREGORY'S DOG *Ch. Rilestok Robinswood*. BORN NOVEMBER 9, 1947. WAS "BEST OF THE BREED" LAST YEAR.



ONE OF THE FIRST MASTIFFS TO BE EXHIBITED SINCE 1939: MRS. F. C. MAYNE'S BITCH *Fanfold Heathcote's Precilla's Martha*.



THE BEST BORDER TERRIER: MR. C. R. MCCONNELL'S DOG *Girvan-side Cragfield Dun*. BORN OCTOBER 20, 1949.

breeds nearly suffered extinction during the war. It has been saved by the importation of two Canadian-born puppies bred from original British stock. The Cocker Spaniel still retains its place as the most popular pedigree dog in the world. Great Britain still leads the world in the breeding of pedigree dogs, and they form one of our most important and valuable exports. During 1950 some 1,877 dogs were exported. The prices of pedigree dogs for export vary according to breeding and quality, but outstanding winning specimens may fetch as much as £1500 each. A high proportion of the dogs exported become champions in the country of their adoption, not only on the

show bench, but in the field. An analysis of breeds shows the Cocker Spaniel to be the most popular export, with the Miniature Poodle and Pekingese as runners-up. The U.S.A. is the best market, taking approximately one-third of the total exports. The popularity of pedigree dogs in this country has increased enormously in the last twenty-five years, and it is estimated that one family in every five has a pedigree dog. Taking the average life of a dog as ten years, the present dog population registered with the Kennel Club is well over a million. The judges of the "Best in the Show" at Cruft's were Mrs. W. Barber and Mr. A. Croxton Smith.

CIVIL DEFENCE IN THE ATOMIC AGE: EXERCISE "MEDUSA" AT BRISTOL.



LOWERING A "CASUALTY" ON A STRETCHER FROM A BLITZED BUILDING: CIVIL DEFENCE WORKERS AND SOLDIERS USING A LIFELINE DURING EXERCISE "MEDUSA" IN BRISTOL.



REMOVING "CASUALTIES" AFTER AN "ATOM BOMB RAID" ON BRISTOL: TROOPS AND CIVIL DEFENCE VOLUNTEERS WORKING IN THE RUBBLE OF THE BLITZED CITY.



TESTING A CIVIL DEFENCE WORKER FOR RADIO-ACTIVITY AFTER BEING IN A CONTAMINATED AREA: A TECHNICAL RECONNAISSANCE UNIT USING A RADIATION METER.

The first big Civil Defence exercise, known as "Medusa," on atomic warfare took place at Bristol over the week-end February 10-11. A feature of the exercise was the active participation of more than 1300 troops, who took part in rescue work, debris clearance, stretcher-bearing, first-aid and fire-fighting. They also controlled traffic and refuges and maintained communications. The military operations were directed by Major-General C. F. C. Coleman, G.O.C. South-Western District, and the troops, both Regular Army and Territorial, were commanded by Colonel J. T. Gough, R.T.R. Wing Commander Sir John Hodsoll,



DEMONSTRATING HOW TO SEARCH FOR CASUALTIES BURIED IN PILES OF RUBBLE: CIVIL DEFENCE VOLUNTEERS WITH AN AUDIENCE OF TROOPS, IN EXERCISE "MEDUSA."

Director-General of Civil Defence, and Civil Defence officers from all parts of the South-West watched the exercise. Volunteers from the Red Cross, the Boy Scouts and members of the Western Opera Players acted as "casualties" with realistic grease-paint wounds. The city was supposed to have been devastated by an atomic bomb and great interest was shown in the technical reconnaissance unit which carried out tests for radio-activity, using radiation meters. The former Wine Street shopping centre, which was badly damaged by bombs in 1940-41, provided an ideal site for debris clearance and rescue work.



THE FIFTH AND MOST VIOLENT OF THE LAS VEGAS ATOMIC EXPLOSIONS: (LEFT) THE FIRST BLINDING FLASH, AFTER WHICH THE COLUMN (RIGHT) BECAME APPARENT.



(CONTINUING FROM ABOVE) THE "FULL BLOOM" OF THE FIFTH LAS VEGAS ATOMIC EXPLOSION (LEFT), AND (RIGHT) THE COLUMN AND CLOUD BEGIN TO DISSIPATE.

PROBABLY THE WORLD'S MOST VIOLENT ATOMIC EXPLOSION: A PHOTOGRAPHIC SEQUENCE OF THE FIFTH LAS VEGAS TEST.

The report of the five atomic explosions on the Atomic Energy Commission's testing-ground in Nevada is given elsewhere in this issue. Here we show a sequence of four pictures taken of the fifth explosion, which has been described as the most violent. The photographs were taken from a distance of about 55 miles; and it was this explosion which was successfully televised by television cameras sited on Mount Wilson, not far from

Los Angeles. In the city of Los Angeles itself, window-frames were rattled by earth tremors twenty-five minutes after the actual explosion. Radio-active snowfalls were reported in north-eastern States; and at the University of Rochester, New York, scientists boiled snow water and found it radio-active but not sufficiently so to be in any way dangerous. The four photographs were taken at equal intervals over a period of about fifteen seconds.



MISS FRANCES LICHTEN, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Miss Lichten studied design and interior decoration at the Pennsylvania Museum's School of Industrial Art, landscape painting at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art's Summer School, and etching at the Graphic Sketch Club. From 1936-41 she was State Supervisor of the Index of American Design, a Federal Art Project which is now housed in the National Gallery of Art in Washington.

Photograph by Van Willems.

VICTORIANA—AN ALBUM OF ALBUMS.

"DECORATIVE ART OF VICTORIA'S ERA"; BY FRANCES LICHTEN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

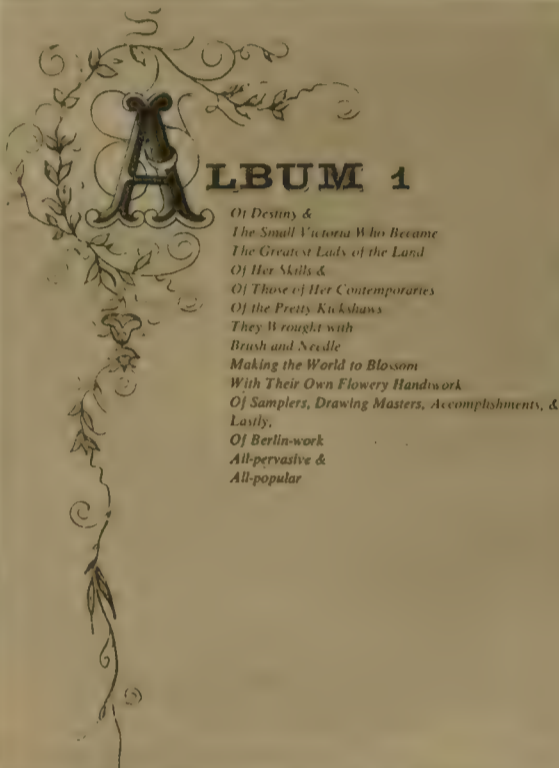
BEFORE I go any further I had better indicate that this sumptuous volume about Victorian indoor and outdoor furnishings is mainly illustrated by examples of American design, and is written by an extremely knowledgeable American lady who, I conceive, may spring from that old and respectable colony of Germans who are

known as "the Pennsylvania Dutch." One of the lesser advantages of having a hereditary monarchy, instead of a rapidly changing succession of ephemeral kings, is that it provides us with easily indicative names for eras and their typical products. Tudor, Jacobean, Caroline, Restoration, Queen Anne, Georgian, Regency, Louis Quatorze, Louis Quinze, Louis Seize and Empire; these terms all give us clues to the nature of all sorts of objects—a fact to which I should like to draw the attention of the eminent house-agent who has just advertised in *The Times* what he calls "an old Period house," which simply doesn't give the house-hunter a clue, except that he knows that the dwelling will be more than a generation old, the present period not being reckoned as a Period in estate-agent's jargon. In America they have no such convenient local designations for phases in the arts, from architecture to costume, from furniture to china; they couldn't conceivably convey anything by talking about Ulysses S. Grantian wood-carving, Coolidgean porcelain, or Ecclesiastical Design during the Presidency of Warren G. Harding. It seems probable that in later days the name of our present King may have to be used in America in connection with a certain stage in the American novel or even the American film. It seems unlikely that such a locution as "Decorative Art of Stalin's Era" will be resorted to.

It is a pity, in a way, that the word "Victorian" has to be used for a panorama of mainly American works. For, although there is no mistaking the strong affinity between the works in stone, metal, wood, silk, wool and all sorts of other materials produced on both sides of the Atlantic, there is a distinctly American tinge to Victorian American: their charming samplers are not quite like ours, their marble mantelpieces are not quite like ours, and architectural atrocities, though indubitably of their time and no other time, could not be thought to have been perpetrated here, although we produced works equally fantastic. There are, for instance, three pictures of buildings on page 71 under which the captions run: "To be Egyptian was to be modern. Cemetery Entrance, 1852." "The Gothic and Egyptian in amiable conjunction. Moyamensing Prison, Philadelphia, 1838." and "Waterworks in Philadelphia, details taken from Nile temples." I cannot recall anything quite like them here, though we produced, notably in large suburban and seaside villas, mixtures equally bizarre. We did put up Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment, but I don't remember that we ever had a Waterworks Chimney modelled on a pillar of Karnak or Philæ.

That made clear—and the author does know, and frequently illuminates the pertinent England of her period—I must say that I cannot conceive a livelier, more comprehensive, or better-illustrated volume on the theme. Her scheme of classifying the multitude of various objects with which she deals has a pleasantly Victorian air. She divides her book into fourteen "Albums," which include: "The World of Romance," "The World of Industry," "The World of Refined Aspirations," "The World of the Ottoman and Lambrequin," "The World of 'Elegant Ornaments,'" "The World of the Picturesque" and "The World

of the Dearly Lamented." Her first section, headed "The World of the Princess Victoria," has a title-page which reminds one of all the Keepsakes in the World. It is headed: "Album 1." The large capital "A" is festooned by a floral wreath which droops to the bottom of the page, with an outline strongly reminiscent of a sea-horse; and the "ALBUM 1" capitals have little thin lines skirting the black main portions of them, which are meant to indicate that these are definitely block-letters in three dimensions—this sort of typography can still be found in villages on small posters heralding the advent of a Flower Show or a Circus. Underneath that heavy headline



"A TITLE-PAGE WHICH REMINDS ONE OF ALL THE KEEPSAKES IN THE WORLD": THE INTRODUCTION TO ALBUM 1. "THE WORLD OF THE PRINCESS VICTORIA."

with its attendant curling and drooping tendrils there is the text, which is reproduced on this page. I cannot help pausing to remark that this little catalogue looks to me precisely like one of

aunts, and especially houses of great-aunts, which were swarming with the sort of things which are here illustrated: the Baxter prints, the steel-engravings (of Nelson's Death, Wellington and Blücher, the Trial of William, Lord Russell), the Valentines, the wax fruits, the shell-work, the poker-work (not, I think, mentioned here), the *papier-mâché*, the tables botched with pearl, the hanging-baskets for flowers (musk, which has long lost its scent, might have been mentioned), the crazy-quilts, the Doulton Ware, the bamboo-furniture, the portières, and the cages for the parrots. There were also the omnipresent bronzes.

They can be seen now in every "junk-shop." "So high," says Miss Lichten, "did 'French art-bronzes' rank in Victorian estimate that to possess a bronze piece was the aim of even modest householders. During their greatest vogue—from the 1840's to the 1870's—extravagant sums were spent on them, for, as 'works of art,' their possession was viewed as a mark of culture. Around 1855, as the result of an invention which deposited on a zinc casting a thin coating of bronze, an effective article (bronze to the eye if not to the metallurgist) was made available at much lower cost. Since many more people could now afford the pieces, the ownership of a French bronze no longer carried any special distinction; after 1870 they were mantel or pedestal decorations in every substantial home—these dull-hued maidens, knights, cavaliers." The singular thing is that, while all this rage for bronzes was going on, and the fakers in Paris were producing alleged Renaissance bronzes in all sorts and sizes, based on originals, the great originals themselves were—as they still are, to a large extent—neglected. The ordinary purchaser of those knights on horseback, those desperate helmed Spanish infantrymen with pikes and halberds, those voluptuous maidens supporting ormolu clocks, would have taken no notice at all of the small, simple, exquisite masterpieces of Giovanni di Bologna, Sansovino, Ruccello and the rest. They weren't big or elaborate enough.

I don't know what good the Great Exhibition of 1851 did to trade: I can't think it did any good to art. The impression I get from this book is that, until the Aesthetic Movement began the reaction against mass-production of "artistic" objects, the most durable products, artistically speaking, of the age were some of those produced by talented women in their own homes. But it isn't possible to follow the hundreds of hares which are started by Miss Lichten. When next I take this book up I shall read a few pages at a time; reading it "in one go" is like whizzing through the British Museum or the Victoria and Albert; one comes out dazed. But one point of difference I think I must mention. Of the Gothic Revival she says: "In the first half of the nineteenth century, however, when the entire world displayed a sudden interest in the Gothic style, this odd vagary of fashion could be traced not to pictures, but directly

to the romances of Sir Walter Scott. If one did not know its sources, this trend in decoration would have seemed an inexplicable retroversion in a world on the march. As the undoubted pioneer of the whole Romantic movement, Scott created an entirely new public for novels, one which, now that books had suddenly become cheaper, developed an unlimited appetite for his enchanting re-creations of chivalry and of antique times. So powerful was the effect of his literary works on the imaginations of his readers that it is not at all surprising to find them setting aside the dignified neo-classic styles which were still in favour



THE GOTHIC AND EGYPTIAN IN AMIABLE CONJUNCTION: MOYAMENSING PRISON, PHILADELPHIA, 1838.

The two buildings reproduced above illustrate Album V. ("The World of the Gods and the Sphinx") of Miss Lichten's book. In his article on this page, Sir John Squire says that he cannot recall anything quite like these in England, "though we reproduced, notably in large suburban and seaside villas, mixtures equally bizarre." Miss Lichten says, "Though King Tutankhamen had a far better press and unlimited publicity, his effect on the decorative arts of the twentieth century was slight, if the results are compared with those evolving from the interest in Egypt shown in early Victorian days."

Illustrations reproduced from "Decorative Art of Victoria's Era"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.



"CALCULATED TO MOVE THE BEHOLDER TO THOUGHTS OF DEATH": A CEMETERY ENTRANCE, 1852.

the sort of poems which are now in vogue—if you can call things "in vogue" if they are universally praised by the most superior critics and never bought, at least never bought twice, by the public. There is the beautiful irregularity of cut-up prose, with its chief triumph the single line "lastly"; there is at least as much melody as there is in most of these current volumes of verse; but perhaps where Miss Lichten fails is in her comprehensibility. "That," as an earlier critic said about an earlier poet, "will never do!"

I cannot describe this book: I can merely adumbrate its nature. There is a famous edifice in London which used to be referred to by the younger and more flippant members of an august family as "The Aunt-Heap." Turning these pages over, I feel that I have strayed into a very Hampton-Court-Maze of an Aunt-Heap. Persons of my age must remember houses of

at the time of Victoria's birth."

That is simply not historically true. Scott was in the movement, but he did not start it. Horace Walpole built Strawberry Hill before Scott was even heard of; the taste for ivy-mantled towers and ruins, even sham ruins, existed before he exercised any influence at all; and, had he never been born, Beckford would still have built Fonthill. The battle between the styles—one might say, the spirits and temperaments—is still being waged even in the columns of the newspapers. And we can say at least that in the last fifty years better Gothic buildings have been erected than any which the Victorians built to formulae, out of books.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 266 of this issue.

* "Decorative Art of Victoria's Era." By Frances Lichten. 96 pages of illustration and 14 Colour Pages. (Scribners; 63s.)

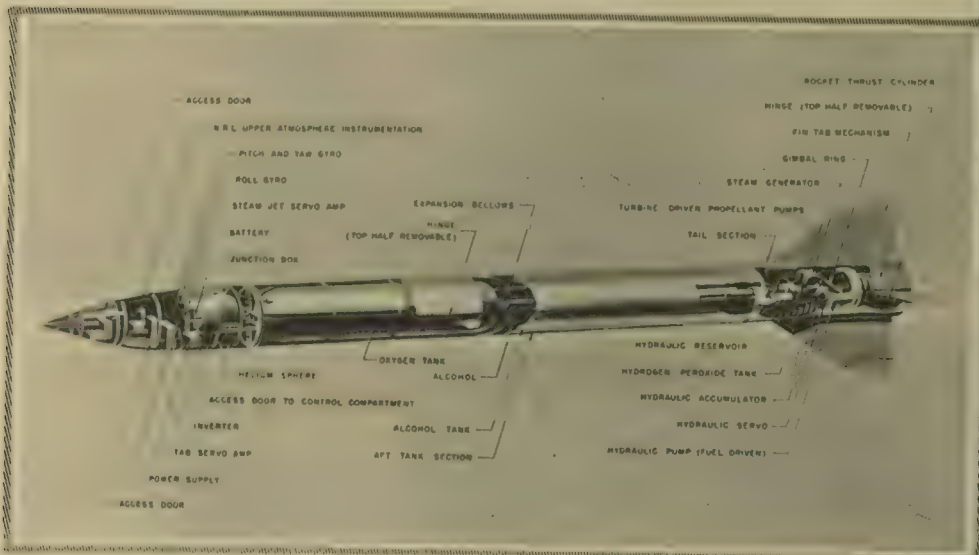


THE MARTIN VIKING ROCKET No. 4 BEGINNING ITS EPOCH-MAKING FLIGHT FROM THE DECK OF U.S.S. NORTON SOUND AND SHAKING THE ICE FROM ITS SIDES AS IT RISES ON ITS FLIGHT OF 106 MILES UP FROM THE EQUATOR.

Five of the six Martin *Viking* high-altitude rockets were launched from the White Sands Proving Grounds in New Mexico (see pages 246 and 247). The sixth—No. 4—was launched on May 10, 1950, from a launching platform on the deck of the U.S. seaplane tender *Norton Sound* (9106 tons), at a point on the Equator south of Hawaii. The launching-ship also carried a helicopter, which was used for observation of the launch and for taking photographs. This photograph shows the rocket on the early stage of its flight, somewhat incongruously shaking ice from its sides. It reached an altitude of 106.4 miles. The main purpose of

these U.S. *Viking* rockets is high-altitude research; British research on the Woomera Rocket Range, in Australia, as Air Chief-Marshal Sir Alec Coryton stated at Sydney on February 6, is largely concerned with new types of guided missiles. "What we are really doing," he said, "is replacing the human brain in flying-machines—and that is no mean job." It has also been reported that these British experiments are mainly defensive in intention and are tending towards a guided missile which will seek out and destroy an attacking aircraft at long range and at great altitudes.

FOR FLIGHT BEYOND THE STRATOSPHERE: PREPARING THE RECORD-BREAKING "VIKINGS."



THE U.S. MARTIN *VIKING* HIGH-ALTITUDE RESEARCH ROCKET, SIX OF WHICH HAVE BEEN FIRED IN THE LAST YEAR OR SO, REACHING ALTITUDES UP TO 107²/₃ MILES.



A STATIC FIRING TEST OF A *VIKING* ROCKET, BOLTED TO THE PLATFORM TO PREVENT TAKE-OFF. THE FLAME GOES INTO A WATER PIT BELOW, CREATING DENSE STEAM (RIGHT).



THE CONCRETE BLOCK-HOUSE IN WHICH OBSERVATIONS OF THE LAUNCHED ROCKET ARE MADE. IN THE BACKGROUND (RIGHT) THE SERVICING GANTRY, WITH ROCKET IN POSITION.

These photographs, taken at the White Sands U.S. Proving Grounds in New Mexico, throw some interesting light on the experimental firing of Martin *Viking* high-altitude rockets. Six examples of this rocket—which is roughly similar to the German V-2—were constructed by the Glenn L. Martin Company for the U.S. Naval Research Laboratory. It is powered by a rocket engine developed by Reaction Motors, Inc.,



THE GANTRY IN WHICH THE ROCKET IS SERVICED. A SHEET-METAL SHELTER IS BEING ERRECTED TO KEEP OFF COLD AND DRIVING DUST DURING ADJUSTMENT.



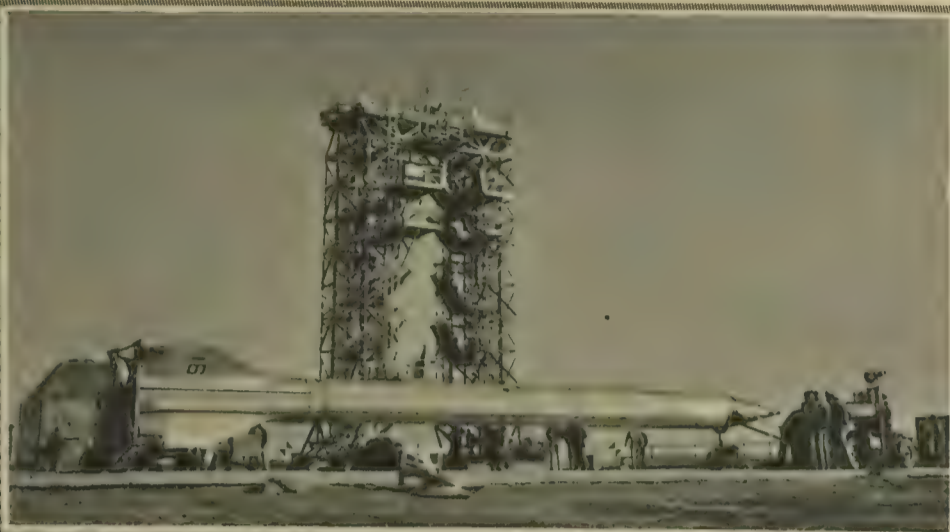
ON THE TOP PLATFORM OF THE SERVICING GANTRY, U.S. NAVY AND MARTIN TECHNICIANS FIT SPECIAL INSTRUMENTS INTO THE NOSE OF A ROCKET BEFORE LAUNCHING.

which is stated to deliver 20,000 lb. of thrust, deriving its power from the mixing of liquid oxygen and alcohol as fuel. The general layout of its interior is shown in the diagram, top left. The nose of the rocket contains electronic equipment which telemeters back to the earth information which is picked up by the instruments during the rocket's flight—information such as altitude, temperature, cosmic ray count,

ROCKETS WHICH TRAVEL 107 MILES FROM EARTH AND SEND BACK CONTINUOUS SCIENTIFIC DATA.



THE LAST STAGE OF FUELLING THE ROCKET, WITH VAPOUR FROM THE VENTS INDICATING THAT THE OXYGEN TANKS ARE FULL, AFTER WHICH THE LAUNCHING SITE IS CLEARED.



ON A TRICYCLE UNDERCARRIAGE LIKE AN AIRCRAFT'S, *VIKING* NO. 6 IS TOWED TO THE TESTING GROUND FOR FINAL CHECKS IN THE GANTRY (BACKGROUND).



WHEN THE LAUNCHING IS SCHEDULED FOR EARLY MORNING, WORK ON THE ROCKET CONTINUES THROUGH THE NIGHT UNDER FLOODLIGHTS WHICH OUTSHINE THE NEW MEXICO MOON.



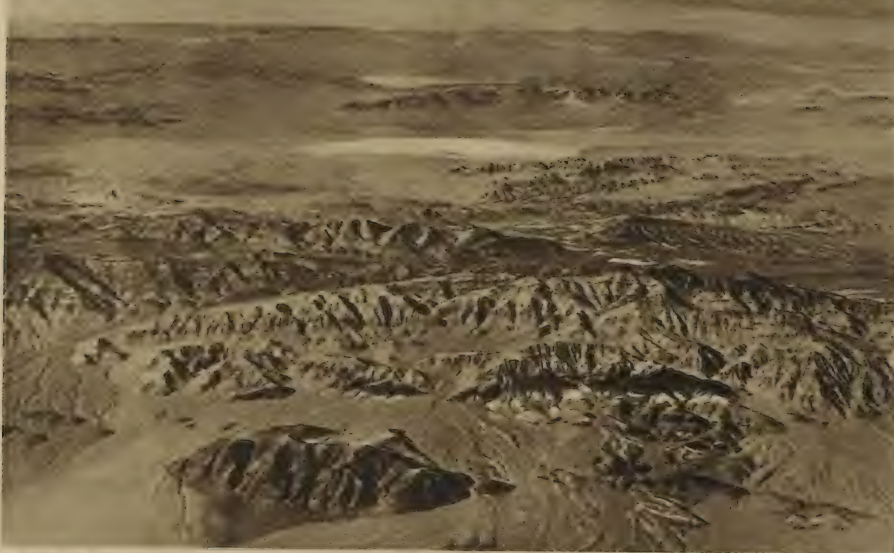
THROUGHOUT ITS FLIGHT THE ROCKET IS CONTINUALLY SENDING BACK INFORMATION, THE RECORD OF WHICH IS HERE BEING STUDIED BY TECHNICIANS.



THE END OF THE FLIGHT: ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE ROCKET. THE COLLECTED DÉBRIS IS CAREFULLY STUDIED FOR INFORMATION WHICH MAY BEAR ON FUTURE DESIGN.

and other items which are all permanently recorded for future study. Of the six constructed, five have been fired at White Sands, and the sixth from the deck of the U.S.S. *Norton Sound* (see page 245). Here we show the elaborate procedure attending the launching of a rocket, including arrival at the site, servicing in the gantry and static-test firing. After firing and during flight full records are kept

and the remains of the spent rocket are all collected and studied for the constructional information they may yield. Of the six rockets launched, two set up almost identical altitude records for American-designed and built single-stage rockets—106·4 and 107·3 miles (No. 5 rocket). The world record for a single-stage rocket is held by a German V-2, which reached slightly over 114 miles at White Sands.



WHERE FIVE ATOMIC EXPLOSIONS TOOK PLACE WITHIN ELEVEN DAYS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION'S 5000-SQUARE-MILE RESERVATION IN NEVADA.



THE FLASH OF AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION PHOTOGRAPHED OVER 300 MILES AWAY: A PICTURE TAKEN AT 4:58 A.M., IN LOS ANGELES WITH A TIME EXPOSURE ON FEBRUARY 2.

TURNING NIGHT INTO DAY 300 MILES FROM THE POINT OF DETONATION: REMARKABLE PICTURES

The first atomic explosion in the United States since the historic test at Alamogordo in 1945, took place on January 27 on the Atomic Energy Commission's 5000-square-mile testing-ground on the remote plateau north-west of Las Vegas, Nevada. A second explosion followed within twenty-four hours of the first, and its flash was estimated to have three times the force of the first, which lasted for five seconds. No information was released as to the type of weapons being tested by the Commission. On January 30, Mr. Gordon Dean, chairman of the

Commission, made a guarded statement that it was useful to hold weapon experiments within the United States, because it saved money, man-power and time. On January 31, the Atomic Energy Commission submitted their ninth half-yearly report to Congress, which stated "... Preparations for additional full-scale weapon tests had continued and the Eniwetok proving-ground in the Marshall Islands would continue to be used. Experiments would also be carried out at the Las Vegas range, in Nevada. Construction of facilities for a land-based



THE "FALSE DAWN" OF AN ATOMIC AGE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT INDIAN SPRINGS, FORTY-TWO MILES NORTH-WEST OF LAS VEGAS, SHOWING THE FLASH OF THE FOURTH EXPLOSION.



LIGHTING THE SKY WITH THE BRILLIANCE OF DAYLIGHT: AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION SEEN IN LOS ANGELES ON FEBRUARY 2, AND PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A TIME EXPOSURE.

TAKEN DURING THE ATOMIC WEAPON TESTS IN NEVADA, AND A VIEW OF THE PROVING-GROUND.

prototype submarine thermal reactor was started, and during November the A.E.C. took over from the Air Force contract arrangements with the Fairchild Engine and Acroprene Company for a part of the project for propulsion of aircraft by nuclear energy." The fourth atomic explosion took place on February 2, and appeared to be the most violent of the four. The flash was seen in Los Angeles and in Caldwell, in Utah, 530 miles from Las Vegas. Las Vegas itself was shaken as if by an earthquake—buildings rocked and the window of a store was smashed.

The fifth and final explosion took place on February 6, and was said in Las Vegas to be "the worst yet." The explosion was successfully televised from cameras set up by two television companies on Mount Wilson. Windows in Los Angeles were rattled by the sound-waves twenty-four minutes after the explosion. The A.E.C. announced that they were completely satisfied with the results of the tests and were concluding their experiments for the time being. Radio-active dust has been reported in Canada and radio-active snow in Rochester, N.Y.

THE newspapers have so much to record nowadays, nearly all unpleasant and unpromising, and so little space for it, that one disagreeable topic after another, having had a brief discussion, tends to be shouldered out of the available room by another standing ready in the queue and to be to a large extent forgotten. Only the other day we were full of forebodings about the fate of the United Nations forces in Korea. That fear has almost disappeared because there has been considerable evidence that they are capable of holding their own. It was, however, succeeded by an ugly and dangerous crisis in Anglo-American relations which arose out of the campaign. This was patched up and has passed into the background of the public's interest, though I am afraid it is not really over. The shortage of nourishing and healthy food which is created in order to prevent a fractional advance in a cost-of-living index that the average housewife believes to be bogus, the curtailment of railway services, the coal shortage and the prospect of further defacement of the countryside in search of outcast coal, the increased paper shortage brought about by a combination of incompetence and obstinate refusal to learn—we have scarcely time to register our dismay or disgust over such matters before something new demands our attention.

I do not put the new defence measures recently announced by the Prime Minister in this category of woes, though it was highly unwelcome to many who may be involved. It will, however, cause an extra strain on an economy which has never been permitted an opportunity to recover. This applies most to the increased arms production and the diversion of industries, already incapable of supplying the needs of the civil population, to those of war. It nevertheless applies also to the call-up, which formed the main subject of Mr. Attlee's statement. It is this that I am discussing to-day, not merely in itself but also in relation to our use of man-power in general. As I write, the political debates on the subject have not yet begun, and it has temporarily lost much of the space in the daily Press which it merits. It needs a great deal of discussion. There are two main questions to be asked about it: first, as to what we are going to get from it; secondly, granting that we shall get a certain amount of value, as to whether this represents the best possible return for the dislocation, fall in production, personal inconvenience, and very large expenditure which it will cause.

There has been a notable difference between official utterances and the comment of well-informed outsiders. In the former we have been assured that the primary object of the call-up, so far as it concerns the Army, has been the training of a number of Class Z reservists. The commentators, on the other hand, have hardly troubled to consider this aspect. In virtually every case they have assumed that the object is, in fact, to an overwhelming degree a mobilisation rehearsal, and that all else is secondary to this. One went so far as to say that it was wrong for men to be called up even for a fortnight for the sake of allowing the War Office to experiment with them. That, at least, is unjust and unrealistic. Not merely the War Office but the whole military machine will get the practice. Some of the critics have also overlooked the fact that, owing to the extension of the period of conscription to two years, the flow of National Service men which would normally have gone to the Territorial and other reserve forces has for the moment ceased, so that there is a serious need for Class Z reservists for training with these forces. Again, it is reported that both in the case of the Army and particularly that of the Royal Air Force, there will be a spread of the call-up period and that by no means all the reservists will carry out their training during the same fortnight. Without doubt the experience will be valuable and provide the means to avoid future errors.

Another unpleasant contingency has to be considered. It may well be that the Government has to consider the possibility of aggressive action against Western Europe taking place this year. If so, the call-up is influenced in part by the desire to take advance precautions. It would, if these terrible

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. MILITARY MAN-POWER AND ITS EMPLOYMENT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

forecasts were correct, become a partial mobilisation rather than a rehearsal in mobilisation. Then there is the question of army and corps troops and of administrative units in urgent need of trained men. From all points of view the action to be taken ought to be beneficial. The question which is more difficult to answer is whether it will be profitable in terms of cost, whether it is the best means of solving present problems.

To my mind, the worst feature is that nothing in the announcement gives the slightest promise of reinforcement in British strength in units and formations. It is true that last year a promise was made that three new divisions would be formed, and a little has already been done towards fulfilling it. Yet this project bears no close relation to the nominal effectives of the British Army. Monetary expenditure is not the sole standard of defence, and the number of men drawing rations is far from being the measure of the strength of an army. It is what is done with the money and with the men that counts. And though the provision of a reserve and the strengthening of home defence are of high importance, the need for

purists will retort that it is vicious procedure to undertake higher training without passing through the stages of more elementary. Yet in other spheres of life, such as politics and business, we often enough have to try to run before we have been taught to walk. In any case, all the officers and men concerned have, or ought to have, completed their training on lower grades.

With regard to armaments less information is available, and rightly so. (It seems inevitable that we should tell potential foes more than we need about our military affairs, whereas they take care to tell us nothing.) My impression is that, despite grave deficiencies, the situation is better than it was in the period immediately preceding the Second World War. In the weapons and equipment provided for the Army and the Royal Air Force gaps certainly exist, but so far as I am aware the deficiencies are rather quantitative than qualitative. The quantitative shortages are to common knowledge very serious, but they do not appear to me to represent the most deadly of all handicaps, that of failure to keep abreast of modern developments.

The best material available seems to be sound and up-to-date, and though there is not nearly enough of it, most of its items have advanced beyond the stage of prototypes. If we were to be plunged once again into hostilities it seems improbable that we should, for example, have to pass through again the absurd experience of last time, when we sought frantically for a tank all through the war, left the majority we produced to be broken up for scrap because they were not worth while sending into action, and fought through to victory with a reliable but in many respects structurally unsound tank (the Sherman) given to us by the Americans.

Finally, there will have to be further controls. There it has been suggested to me that the young, who have never known life without them, or at least do not remember it, will not find it of insuperable difficulty to put up with more. It may be so, but I fear that the passivity and resignation of the young in face of all the unnecessary deprivations to which they have been subjected since 1946 is not merely sad to contemplate but a highly dangerous feature of our life to-day. In former ages the most tyrannical king did not venture to treat the people as they have lately been treated by bureaucracy, yet the only remonstrance is a grumbling below the breath. In this respect I do indeed feel perturbed when I consider all the fresh burdens which are about to be piled on to shoulders never eased from the pain of the last and the terrible trials which may be in store for a nation deprived of all reward for its labours and endurances in the late great struggle. We entered the Second World War a relatively resilient nation, with

great reserves of energy and powers of adaptation. Government planning and control were necessary and in many respects well carried out, but we also had the reserves and the skill of private industry—the only feature of the war effort which will go unrecorded, but one without which we should have collapsed. Worst of all, though taxation had already become dangerously high in 1939, great margins of wealth were left in reserve. Where are they now? Dissipated by the war, it will be said. Yes, but what efforts have been made to replenish them?

I would not end on a grumbling or depressing note. If the country seems to lack its old healthy resentment against being "pushed about," it has faced gathering dangers and sacrifices with quiet composure; nor can I believe that it fails to understand them. Considering how great is the number of Communists and fellow-travellers in the outside world, their strength in Britain remains remarkably small. There still appears to be a spirit which would respond finely to inspired leadership, were that forthcoming. Those who have assaulted Britain in the past have always found their task heavier than they expected. To-day, however, the essential need is not to repel an assault. It is to assemble, in concert with allies, forces sufficiently strong to prevent an assault from being launched.



COMMEMORATING 241 "ORDINARY WOMEN" KILLED IN WORLD WAR II: THE W.V.S. ROLL OF HONOUR BEING SHOWN TO THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF READING, CHAIRMAN OF THE W.V.S., BY MISS CLAIRE EVANS, DEPUTY CENTRE ORGANISER FOR CAMBERWELL, WHO ILLUMINATED THE ROLL. A Roll of Honour bound in red morocco and beautifully illuminated and inscribed in gold letters on the finest vellum, has been prepared for the Women's Voluntary Services. It commemorates 241 "ordinary women" who lost their lives in World War II in the course of their work for the W.V.S. It has been written and illuminated by Miss Claire Evans, deputy centre organiser for Camberwell since 1939 and a founder-member of the Society of Scribes and Illuminators, and took nearly three years to complete. The binding is by Mr. Roger Powell, and the burnished gold is the work of Miss Irene Base. The Roll of Honour is to be on view in London and will then tour the provincial cities for all to see before a permanent and fitting resting-place for it is decided upon.

a speedy increase in the strength of formations, to make up for the largely wasted effort of the past few years, is likewise urgent. Unwelcome as is the conclusion, I fear that the strengthening of British defensive power in terms of combatant troops likely to result from these new measures will prove considerably less than appeared at the moment when they were announced to a startled House of Commons.

I may be asked what was the alternative, or if any existed. There I am handicapped by my ignorance of the cost of this call-up or of the scheme which I tentatively suggest—and when I speak of cost I speak in terms of industry as well as cash. I am unable to say whether it would be practicable to embody all the Territorial divisions, strengthened not only by the National Service men who have already joined their ranks, but also by a large contingent of officers from the unemployed list and men from Class Z, for a period of one whole month this summer. The Class Z contingent might be rather smaller than that which it is proposed to summon, but it would have to be at least large enough to permit some serious field training to be done. If such a scheme were in fact practicable—and it must have been considered—I am convinced that the return would be very high, and that the standard of these divisions would be raised in a year to an extent which it would take several years to achieve by normal methods. Military

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE IN MALAYA: DROPPING SUPPLIES IN THE JUNGLE.



DEMANDING A HIGH STANDARD OF LIAISON BETWEEN GROUND AND AIR: R.A.F. AIRCRAFT DROPPING SUPPLIES INTO A JUNGLE CLEARING (WITHIN CIRCLE) IN NORTHERN MALAYA.



AN EASY DROP, THOUGH LOW CLOUD AND HIGH GROUND DEMAND SKILFUL PILOTING: AN R.A.F. DAKOTA PARACHUTING SUPPLIES ON TO AN OPEN TRACK IN MALAYA.



ENABLING A PATROL TO REMAIN OUT IN THE JUNGLE ALMOST INDEFINITELY: AN AIRCRAFT SUPPLYING GROUND FORCES BY PARACHUTING CONTAINERS ON TO OPEN GROUND.



ALMOST LIKE FINDING A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK: SUPPLY CONTAINERS BEING DROPPED INTO A CLEARING IN THE JUNGLE (WITHIN CIRCLE), AN OPERATION REQUIRING SKILFUL NAVIGATION.

A feature of the campaign against Communist bandits in Malaya is the parachuting of supplies by aircraft of the Royal Air Force to Army and Police patrols operating in the jungle. Flying low over the tops of the trees, some of which reach a height of 200 ft., the pilots locate clearings the size of tennis courts amid many square miles of featureless jungle in order to drop food and ammunition to the waiting patrols. The ground forces call up by radio to request a supply drop, and can remain out on patrol almost indefinitely when supplied in this way. Even the recent monsoon weather in Malaya has not interfered with the work of the Royal Air Force, whose pilots have flown under the most adverse conditions

to keep faith with the men on the ground. An open track may sometimes be chosen for an easy drop, but even then high ground and low cloud in the area demand the utmost skill in piloting the aircraft. Most of the drops are made into small clearings, however, and a high standard of liaison between ground and air, careful navigation and skilful flying are required to ensure that the supply packs do not fall into the jungle and become lost. The packs contain practically every item in the military catalogue—arms and ammunition; food and explosives; medical supplies and welfare goods; even collapsible boats with outboard-motors, and petrol-driven saws for making clearings.



THE GOVERNMENT'S STEEL POLICY SCRAPES HOME—BY TEN VOTES: THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE AS THE CHIEF GOVERNMENT TELLER APPROACHES MR. SPEAKER WITH THE RESULT OF THE DIVISION.

On February 7 Mr. Churchill moved a vote of censure on the Government's decision to give immediate effect to the nationalisation of the iron and steel industry. Mr. Churchill's pungent speech referred to the Government's "crazy deed" in a time of international emergency, charged Mr. Attlee with unpatriotic behaviour in turning upside down a national industry which was the core of rearmament and spoke

bitingly of Socialist millionaires. Mr. C. Strauss, Minister of Supply, replied for the Government and revealed that the Government intended that there should be an interim period for the taking over of the industries in question, and this Mr. Lyttelton, for the Opposition, hailed as a clinching argument for the deferment of the vesting date. Attendance fell off during the debate, but at division time the

House was crowded and tension was high. When the tellers returned and it was seen that it was the Government teller who was approaching the table—a sign of a Government victory—cheering broke out in the Government benches to the waving of order papers before the voting—308 for the Government, 298 against—was actually announced. The following night another crucial division took place on

Captain Crookshank's censure motion on the mismanagement of the meat supply, and here again the Government only scraped home—by 305 to 298 votes—but in spite of its importance the occasion had an air of anti-climax after the Iron and Steel Censure debate, despite vigorous speeches by Captain Crookshank and Mr. Gaitskell and an uninspired defence of his policy *vis-à-vis* the Argentine by Mr. Webb.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRASSE.



THERE are two features of the high Alpine summer landscape which are seldom, if ever, reproduced in English rock-gardens—the

Alpine hayfields, and the flowered lawns. This is strange, for they are perhaps the most characteristic and the most enchantingly beautiful features in the whole Alpine scene in June and July, at altitudes of from 5000 to 8000 ft. The journey up from Grenoble to the Col de Lautaret in the Dauphiné Alps, illustrates very well the transition from rich agriculture, up through the flowered hayfields, gay as herbaceous borders gone wild, until finally, at about 7000 ft., one reaches the summit of the Col, with its friendly Hotel des Glaciers, behind which stretch hundreds of undulating acres of short Alpine turf, jewelled with myriads of dwarf, brilliant flowers: gentians and golden potentillas, mauve and sulphur mountain pansies, fragrant thymes, primulas, geums, mats of silvery antennaria and so on, intensely brilliant colour and variety without end. Almost anywhere in the Alps one will find this transition in passing from the plains to the high pastures; in Switzerland, in the Maritimes, the Tyrol, or the Savoy Alps.

I give the Col de Lautaret as typical because I have been there so often, and love it so well. On leaving Grenoble, there is a long, level stretch of rich agricultural and horticultural country, with vines, orchards, the famous walnuts of the district, maize, and market-garden crops. At length the road turns and mounts and mounts, snaking up into the mountains. Often it's like motoring along a mantelpiece with endless twists and turns and hairpin corners. The vines and orchards and maize are left behind. Around the mountain villages there are tiny patches of cultivation, "spuds," salads and grain; and on the hillsides much forest and the lovely flowered hayfields. Often the meadows are tiny strips and patches, walled and terraced out of the steeply rising ground, with outcrops of rock erupting in a way that must make hay-making a difficult, tedious operation. An English hayfield can be a gay and lovely sight, with its buttercups, marguerites and tall red sorrel. But in these Alpine meadows there is far more colour and variety, and among the flowers that become hay are quite a number of species that have found their way to English herbaceous borders.

On the road to Lautaret, for instance, soon after leaving the plains, the peach-leaved campanula, *Campanula persicifolia*, with its erect, 2-ft. stems strung with big blue saucer flowers, is quite a common sight in the meadows; and in damp places the lovely butter-yellow globe-flower, *Trollius europæus*, grows in enormous quantity, and the tall mauve or creamy *Thalictrum aquilegifolium* is quite common. Martagon lilies take shelter in scrubby, shrubby places, and cream-coloured plumes of *Spiraea aruncus* wave from the security of cliffs above. In some places the hayfields are a fine medley of many species of flower, but often wide spaces are monopolised by one, or perhaps two, species.

One combination of two species is particularly prevalent and brilliant on the road to Lautaret—salvia and sainfoin. There are whole fields in which these two grow mixed in about equal quantity, and with relatively little other herbage. It's the meadow salvia, *Salvia pratensis*, and its 2-ft. pyramids of rich

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ALPINE LAWNS AND MEADOWS.—1.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

violet-blue are in brilliant contrast with the pure, deep rose-pink of the sainfoin. Whether it is a distinct Alpine type of sainfoin, or whether it is altitude, soil and general environment that work the miracle, I do not know, but the plant as it grows by the Lautaret road is dwarfer than sainfoin as one sees it in England, and its flowers are a far deeper, more brilliant, pink.

Eventually, as one nears the summit of the pass, the actual Col de Lautaret, the true Alpine lawns begin, and in character they are quite distinct from the hayfields. It must, I think, be the nature of their soil, coupled with altitude, that causes them to remain close dwarf lawn—always. Their herbage would never reach more than a few inches in height, even if it were not grazed by vast flocks of sheep, just when they are

be grown in rough grass by planting in irregular beds cut in the turf. Purest poppycock. I tried the experiment in my garden in Hertfordshire, and it was successful—up to a point. I had a small orchard of old standard apple-trees growing in rough grass. Here I planted a fairly wide selection of things, merely by cutting out 9-in. squares of grass with a spade, forking up the soil in each square, and planting. After that the grass was allowed to close in on the plants, which it very soon did. But no harm was done. The only trouble was that the soil was a fairly strong loam, and the existing turf was full of rank tussocks of grass and cow-parsley. These grew so tall that they hid all but the tallest growing and the early flowering plants. Martagon lilies did splendidly, and stood up well above the common crowd. So, too, did the meadow cranesbill, *Geranium pratense*. Cowslips and the true oxlip, *Primula elatior*, flowered early enough to avoid being hidden. But *Viola cornuta*, although it held its own, could only be seen in flower by wading in among the tall cow-parsley. If I could have raised the necessary labour I would have lifted all the turf in my orchard, and sown with finer, dwarfer grasses—and no cow-parsley—and planted with many more Alpine meadow plants. In my present Cotswold garden I am just now engaged on this very operation, on a triangle of rough grass on which grow two old apple-trees. The grass is rough, tough, tall and tussocky, and half of it is full of that vile weed ground-elder. The grass has all been lifted and the soil is being dug and cleared of ground-elder. Later I shall plant innumerable meadow plants and bulbs, and then sow down with fine grass-seed, and let my flowered meadow take its chance.

Among the first to go in will be meadow cranesbill; pink bistort, *Polygonum bistorta*; the tall, blue columbine, *Aquilegia "Heasol Harebell"*; trolilus; *Campanula rhomboidalis*, like a stout, 2-ft. harebell, common in Alpine meadows and rare in gardens; *Viola cornuta*—I have seen sub-Alpine hayfields mauve with this in the Pyrenees; *Lilium martagon* around the trunks of the apples; bulbous irises, both the Spanish and the English; the hardy *Gladiolus byzantinus*, with its graceful spikes of claret-crimson; cowslips; Snake's-head fritillary; forget-me-nots—I shall broadcast the seeds to take their chance; *Prunella grandiflora*—the lavender-blue form "Loveliness," which my son and I collected in a mountain hayfield in Spain; leopard's bane, *Doronicum*; crocuses, colchicums and daffodils, scillas, chionodoxas and grape hyacinths; and so on. As to upkeep, this will be a simple matter. The whole will be scythed once a year, when all flowers are over, and all seeds have been shed.

The Alpine meadow or flowered hayfield need not be made as an adjunct of the rock-garden. Any rough grass where daffodils are—or could be—grown, will do. If the soil is light and on the poor side, so much the better, for then the grasses will be less likely to grow overwhelmingly rank and tall. And it's a cheap form of gardening. Many of the plants are easy to raise from seeds or cuttings, and a few British weeds—buttercups, daisies, sorrel, plantains and marguerites will only add to the charm of what is, in effect, a scrap of nature—nature with a fair amount of assistance, and a minimum of restraint.



"IN DAMP PLACES THE LOVELY BUTTER-YELLOW GLOBEFLOWER, *TROLLIUS EUROPEUS*, GROWS IN ENORMOUS QUANTITY": AN ENTRANCING ALPINE MEADOW UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE PIZ D'ALBANA, NEAR ST. MORITZ, WHERE THE "HAY" COMPRISES "QUITE A NUMBER OF SPECIES THAT HAVE FOUND THEIR WAY TO ENGLISH HERBACEOUS BORDERS."

Photograph by Albert Steiner, St. Moritz.

at their most brilliant and beautiful. It cannot be altitude alone that causes these lawns to remain lawns. For several miles up the Galibier Pass, which continues above Lautaret, there are lush hayfields, full of *Anemone narcissiflora*, the white poet-narcissus, and other tall-growing plants.

How, then, can these flowery Alpine hayfields be reproduced in an English garden? By the simple expedient of elaborating the already popular way of growing bulbs—daffodils, etc.—in rough grass. A correspondent wrote and asked my advice on this matter only a week or two ago. She had been advised that meadow plants, other than daffodils, could only

A MUCH-DISCUSSED PROJECT: THE REBUILDING OF CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE.



ILLUSTRATING THE PROPOSED REBUILDING OF CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE: A PERSPECTIVE DRAWING OF THE DESIGN BY MR. L. DE SOISSONS, A.R.A., SHOWING THE PROJECTED FOREIGN OFFICE BUILDING ABOVE THE SKYLINE AS IT WOULD APPEAR FROM THE MALL.

THE controversial plan for the proposed reconstruction on the south side of Carlton House Terrace to provide two large buildings for the Foreign Office is illustrated by the drawings and photographs on this page. On December 21 the scheme came before the Westminster City Council Town Planning Committee, with the recommendation that no objection in principle be offered. Major Claude Davis, A.R.I.B.A., the chairman, asked leave to withdraw that section of the report to enable the Town Planning Committee to consider the height and

[Continued below, right.]



CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE AS IT IS TO-DAY FROM THE MALL: AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF THE DIGNIFIED AND BEAUTIFUL WORK OF JOHN NASH (1752-1835).



MR. LOUIS DE SOISSONS' DESIGN AS IT WILL AFFECT THE NORTH FAÇADE OF CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE: A VIEW OF THE EAST BLOCK OF THE PROPOSED NEW BUILDING, AND RECONSTRUCTION OF THE EAST CUL-DE-SAC; WITH THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN (RIGHT).

[Continued.] elevations of the proposed buildings. The reference back of the report had previously been moved by Mr. E. H. Keeling, M.P., who regarded the plan with alarm. Objections to it had also been voiced in *The Times*. And by Professor R. Wittkower, the editors of the *Architectural Review* and the Georgian Group. The perspective drawing by Mr. de Soissons, A.R.A., and Partners, the architects appointed by the Ministry of Works to undertake the scheme, was published in *The Times* on February 5, and explained in a letter by the partners, Mr. K. Peacock and Mr. D. Hodges. In their view, the proposed construction will not destroy the scale of the Terrace, but will "unify the building" and they wish it to be understood that the new portion of the building which will be constructed along Carlton Gardens does not extend the whole length of this front and will rise only 14 ft. above the present level of the parapets of the end pavilions. With regard to the Mall, they pointed out that the top of the extension will begin to be visible

[Continued below.]



CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE AS IT IS TO-DAY, LOOKING WEST FROM THE FOOT OF THE DUKE OF YORK STEPS (RIGHT). THE LARGE BUILDING ON THE CORNER WAS FORMERLY THE GERMAN EMBASSY.

[Continued.]

only from the middle of the Mall, since it is set back some 80 ft. from the centre of the present façade. They also recalled that the scheme was approved by the Commission of Crown Lands and by the Royal Fine Art Commission in 1948. In the drawing reproduced on this page, many of the larger trees have been omitted, so that the effect may be made clear. Mr. John Betjeman replied to this explanation by a letter published in *The Times* on February 8. In this, he wrote that most people see Carlton House Terrace as Nash intended that they should, from various parts



CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE AS IT WAS NEARLY 100 YEARS AGO: A SKETCH MADE FOR A BACKGROUND FOR A DRAWING IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" ABOUT THE TIME OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL.

of St. James's Park, and from farther down the Mall. From all these distances the skyline of the Terrace which Mr. de Soissons' partners stated in their letter was "of doubtful value" becomes, in Mr. Betjeman's opinion, most important. He criticised the design as showing "a square block higher in the middle than at the wings" fundamentally different from Nash's building, and continued "On to one of its sides for sentiment's sake a façade by John Nash has been affixed with, it seems, a good deal of fuss and difficulty."

The World of the Theatre.

THROUGH THE CENTURIES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

NONE of the plays I have seen during a strange fortnight has had a contemporary setting. The nearest approach was Georg Kaiser's "Medusa's Raft," a torturing little piece which penned us with thirteen children in a lifeboat in mid-Atlantic during the war. Everything else has been "period," from the amiable gadzookery of the "Merrie England" libretto to the Edwardian problem of "The Silver Box."

I have called it a strange fortnight, in its assemblage of plays. It has also been a tragic one for the theatre. The loss of James Bridie and Sir Charles Cochran within three days was heavy news. They were both tirelessly eager workers for the art they loved. Cochran, his enthusiasm brimming over, would present Duse or the circus, a Coward revue or a Reinhardt spectacle, anything, if it were the best in its kind. This spring he was to have staged "The Lion and the Unicorn," Clemence Dane's play about Elizabeth; now, alas, it must wait. Bridie is to be represented at the new Pitlochry Festival in the summer by his "Susannah and the Elders," a fairly early piece: I have no doubt that there is still work of his to be acted, and that we have not heard the last of his darting wit.

London's three major productions of the fortnight were all surprising enough in their various ways. I sat through "The Silver Box" ("One law for the rich . . .") at the Lyric, Hammersmith, in a state of wonder that it had not had a front-rank London revival since 1932, and that no Galsworthy play had been done in the West End for fifteen years. It is a piece—Galsworthy's first—in which you do not consider whether the problem has dated until you come out into the street. Here is the work of a doctrinal dramatist of piercing integrity: I was glad to watch the effect of "The Silver Box" upon a generation new to it. Certainly time has not cushioned the impact, and Frith Banbury's production is always helpful: it is straight and clear without frills. Only one player, Frederick Leister, as that humbugging M.P., Barthwick, climbs above a general steady level; but no one blots the picture, and Kathleen Harrison—speaking in the impersonal voice of the charwoman, Mrs. Jones—and Henry Hewitt as the tetchy jumping-jack of a magistrate, do not betray their author. I hope we are going to have more Galsworthy, and soon. The Arts Theatre Club, to which London has owed so many shrewdly-judged revivals, might help us here. What about "Loyalties"?

It was curious to come to Edwardian realism at Hammersmith immediately after the Old Vic's unfurling of "Henry the Fifth," a banner-play that reminds me of two lines (applied to another chronicle) by the young Cornish poet, Charles Causley. He speaks of the air

Of velvet and drums, crown and ermine and scarlet,
And the wanton flags licking like tongues the brilliant blue bowl of the morning.

That is the very note of the Shakespearean chronicles. At the Vic, "Henry the Fifth," an undervalued play, is allowed its pictorial quality, though it is not, and rightly, produced as mere pageant. (After all, the Chorus never ceases to complain that there is no room in his theatre for pageantry.) This is a simple revival, but full of light and colour. Alec Clunes is there to speak Henry's verse with his own special urgency: he can make music of any line.

In my last article I mentioned the attacks upon "The Merchant of Venice." It is an academic custom to patronise "Henry the Fifth" and to call it a shameless piece of special pleading. No one, I think, should put Shakespeare's chronicles through the sieve of a professional historian. Henry is the principal voice in a great cry of patriotism. It would be a

good thing if a playgoer, before his night at the Vic, were to read the preface to the play in its Cambridge edition, where Dr. Dover Wilson emphasises that the theme is heroism and that Henry is the hero. To enjoy "Henry the Fifth" in the theatre we should sit back and take it as it comes. The success of the film proved that an average spectator does not worry about the historical rights or wrongs of the business.

This was among the first Shakespearean plays I met. Memories of that early production rushed back at the Vic as familiar phrases shone. In the words of the Bishop of Ely on the King, the play seems always to speak from "the very May-morn" of our youth. I gathered from the Old Vic shout in greeting to Alec Clunes and the company as they took their final curtain, that there were few cynics or grouchers in the theatre on the first night.

Alec Clunes does not bring to Henry the strong trumpet note of a Lewis Waller. But his quiet, charged speech holds the proper excitement. He can lift our hearts at the right moment in "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!" and he can also point the reflective passages before Agincourt, the "little touch of Harry in the night," the long speech that begins: "So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully

miscarry upon the sea," and the meditation upon Ceremony. He is equally apt in the shy, clumsy, dog-French courtship of the Princess, acted with a gay responsive charm by Dorothy Tutin. A few of the smaller parts lack inspiration, but as a whole the Vic company is well in tune.

I was happy with William Devlin's Fluellen, a personage so often roughened into burlesque, and with Roger Livesey's friends-together Chorus. I wonder how many of the listeners at the Vic remembered the theory, put forward by George Skillan and Dr. Dover Wilson, that Shakespeare himself might have spoken the linking speeches. "Certainly," says Dover Wilson, "the diffident and apologetic tone which the Chorus adopts throughout, and which sounds awkward, not to say ungracious, if interpreted, with most critics, as the impatience of an author girding against the resources of his theatre and the limitations of his actors, becomes at once natural and engaging when taken as a personal apology and plea by somebody who was author, player and producer in one." It is an agreeably plausible idea.

I do not know what another actor-dramatist might have thought of the version of his play, "Le Malade Imaginaire," now called "The Gay Invalid," at the Garrick Theatre. Molière's stinging satire is dulled in this fluttering romp round a vague, testy figure called Crank, who is played by A. E. Matthews with charm, but with little persuasiveness if once you begin rashly to think of him in terms of Argan. The only plan is to close ears and eyes to Molière and take the piece as a gentle, fantastic entertainment, with a little dance-and-mime tossed in, and with Elisabeth Bergner as an actress-into-maid-servant who still bears the celebrated name of Toinette. Miss Bergner knows her craft to a hair, though the performance is too consciously correct: there is something too precisely weighed and measured. Although a few people have traces of Molière's spirit—Stuart Latham and Michael Shepley, for example—the one player who seems to me entirely and happily in key is Daphne Slater, a young actress of poise and swift intelligence. When she is on the stage the play slides unobtrusively into period at last.



"HERE IS THE WORK OF A DOCTRINAL DRAMATIST OF PIERCING INTEGRITY": "THE SILVER BOX," BY JOHN GALSWORTHY; A SCENE FROM THE REVIVAL AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH, SHOWING (L. TO R.) SNOW (CAMPBELL COPELIN); MRS. JONES (KATHLEEN HARRISON); JONES (SIDNEY JAMES) AND A POLICEMAN (DONALD ROSS).



A PLAY WHICH HAS NOT HAD A FRONT-RANK REVIVAL SINCE 1932 AND THE FIRST MAJOR PRODUCTION OF A GALSWORTHY PLAY IN LONDON FOR FIFTEEN YEARS: "THE SILVER BOX," PRODUCED BY FRITH BANBURY AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH. THE COURT SCENE FROM ACT III, INCLUDING (L. TO R.) MRS. JONES (KATHLEEN HARRISON); JONES (SIDNEY JAMES); MARLOW (DENIS WEBB); AN USHER (BARTLETT MULLINS); ROPER (CAMERON HALL) AND POLICE MAGISTRATE (HENRY HEWITT).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"PYGMALION" (Embassy).—Yvonne Mitchell, as Shaw's flower-girl Galatea, deserved a West End chance, but this revival—produced neatly by Michael Langham—had ill-luck. Personally, I was not persuaded that the usually adroit comedian, Gordon Harker, fitted the shoes of Doolittle. (January 23.)
 "RAINBOW" (New Boltons).—Stormy domestic weather in a novelettish little piece with an Edwardian setting. (January 23.)
 "KALANAG" (Stoll).—A redoubtable "magician" who needs a more intimate theatre. (January 23.)
 "MERRIE ENGLAND" (Coliseum).—German's melodies came through freshly, though the libretto is now a creaking period piece. (January 23.)
 "THE GAY INVALID" (Garrick).—An all-too-free version of Molière which brings back Elisabeth Bergner to the English stage as a Toinette with an unusual background. (January 24.)
 "MEDUSA'S RAFT" (Watergate).—Georg Kaiser's last play, about thirteen children from a torpedoed liner adrift in a lifeboat. There is one passage of sharp horror. (January 26.)
 "HENRY THE FIFTH" (Old Vic).—A rapid and spirited production of the chronicle, directed by Glen Byam Shaw and set by Motley. That wise Shakespearean, Alec Clunes, is ready for the King in all moods. (January 30.)
 "THE SILVER BOX" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Galsworthy's first play comes to the theatre so strongly that a much-neglected dramatist may now return to fashion. Frederick Leister is especially good. (January 31.)
 "TWELFTH NIGHT" (Middle Temple Hall).—Donald Wolfit's company in the grand setting of the hall where the comedy was staged on Candlemas Day three centuries-and-a-half ago. (February 2.)



LOOKING TOWARDS THE SANCTUARY: A VIEW DOWN THE CENTRAL AISLE OF THE NISSEN HUT WHICH NOW FORMS THE TEMPORARY GUARDS' CHAPEL.



PART OF THE RESTORED MOSAICS: THE PANEL, ABOVE THE VESTRY DOOR, ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE SANCTUARY, SHOWING THE DESIGN OF SEATED ANGELS.



ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE SANCTUARY: ONE OF THE RESTORED MOSAICS DEPICTING CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

The restoration of the mosaics in the Sanctuary of the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, London, has now been completed. The work has taken about four months. The building was severely damaged by a flying-bomb on a Sunday morning in June, 1944. The main reconstruction work on the Chapel is not scheduled for at least five years. When this is done, the Sanctuary will form part of the new Chapel. Within the remaining shell a Nissen hut is used

NEWLY RESTORED: THE MOSAICS IN THE SANCTUARY OF THE GUARDS' CHAPEL.



NOW FULLY RESTORED AFTER BEING DAMAGED BY ENEMY ACTION: THE MOSAICS IN THE SANCTUARY OF THE GUARDS' CHAPEL, WELLINGTON BARRACKS.



THE FINEST OF THE OLDER MOSAICS: A REPRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN GLORY IN THE SEMI-DOME CEILING OF THE SANCTUARY.

as a temporary Chapel. The Sanctuary is incorporated in the temporary structure. The photographs on this page show the newly-restored mosaics. The semi-dome mosaic above the Sanctuary, representing Christ in Glory after His Resurrection on Easter Sunday, was put up in 1894 in memory of General Sir Philip Smith. It is the finest of the older mosaics both in design and in the quality of the gold tesserae.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SEALS, WOLVES AND SENSES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WE were walking up a steep cliff on the Pembroke-shire coast, walking slowly while watching two seals in the still waters of the cove below. Near the top of the cliff the ground levelled out to overhang the cove. All the way up we had kept our eyes on the seals. Even more intently they had kept their eyes on us, in the way seals do. They watched us with an air of intense concentration, of deep curiosity so it seemed, though without fear we may presume, since not a movement, even of so much as a hair of their sleek coats, could we detect apart from the slow and slight movement of the head to keep us in view as we progressed upwards. At the top, my foot dislodged a stone, which rolled towards the edge, struck a projecting rock, rose in a steep curve before falling to the water below. During the several seconds that elapsed as the stone fell, the seals did not take their eyes off us, so far as we could see, nor did they take any notice of the falling stone—until it touched water, when instantly seals and stone disappeared beneath the surface. It would be difficult to say which submerged the more rapidly, the animate or the inanimate bodies.

It is tempting to suggest that a superficial examination of the sense-organs of an animal, as seen externally, and their comparison with those of other animals, must give us a good idea of their relative importance in the life of that animal. For example, a cursory and superficial glance at the eyes of an owl or a hawk would suggest that these birds had keen sight, and that they depend on sight more than smell or even hearing. The long ears and large eyes of a rabbit, again, suggest that hearing and sight are more important than smell. And so one could go on. Unfortunately, it is not so simple and straightforward as this, for, as with every other field of biology—indeed, every nook and cranny of that science—the laws have been repeatedly broken before ever we discover them.

I remember being very impressed, on numerous occasions, by the ease with which, under certain circumstances, one could approach and bend over a water-vole feeding just under the bank or on a raft of watercress. After a while the vole would stop feeding, change position and peer up with its myopic eyes, without showing any real sign of alarm. But let a noise be heard nearby, without any movement visible to the vole, and it will dive with its characteristic suddenness and cleanliness, leaving hardly a ripple on the surface. Yet the eyes are not unusually small, nor the ears large. It may even be that the short-sighted eyes—and they are without doubt short-sighted—are sufficient to alert the animal to the point where the slightest sound alarms it. Whatever be the case, being on terms of nodding acquaintance with water-voles is sufficient to make one doubt the value of conclusions based merely on the size and external appearance of the sense-organs. It is, moreover, often difficult to make an assessment by relating them to observed behaviour.

To return to the seals, a cursory examination of the seal's head shows large, limpid eyes and absurdly small ears, and this could suggest good sight and poor hearing. Yet, the episode recounted at the beginning, and other similar observations, indicate no acuteness of vision. Perhaps the large eye merely gives a wider field of vision, just as the large eye of the nocturnal animal is designed

to make the maximum use of all available light. It is, indeed, tempting to speculate that the similarity with which an owl in daylight and a seal will follow one's movements with such a fixed stare is not entirely



CHARACTERISED BY AN OBVIOUSLY HIGH DEVELOPMENT OF THE SENSE-ORGANS: A COYOTE; SHOWING ITS LARGE SENSITIVE EARS, LONG SNOUT WITH SENSITIVE NOSTRILS, AND VIBRISSE.



APPARENTLY POORLY EQUIPPED WITH SENSE-ORGANS, APART FROM THE LARGE EYES, IN COMPARISON WITH THE COYOTE (SEE ABOVE): THE COMMON SEAL WHOSE GENERAL SENSITIVITY IS NOT MARKEDLY LESS THAN THAT OF A WOLF OR ITS RELATIVE THE COYOTE, AND MAY BE LARGELY CONCENTRATED IN ITS STRONGLY DEVELOPED WHISKERS (VIBRISSE).

Photographs by Neave Parker.

divorced from the similarity in the use of the eyes, the owl's to be used in the air at night, the seal's in the gloom of turbid water.

Study of the sense-organs of animals is singularly incomplete in spite of the large amount of experimental work that has been done in recent years.

I say "singularly," because sense-organs play so important a rôle in an animal's behaviour. They are its only contact with the world around. Much of what is known about them is based either on slender evidence or even on conflicting evidence. So a wide field is left both for speculation and further observation.

Perhaps we may now speculate, with slender premises, it is true, on which particular sense-receptors in the seals were most affected by the stone hitting the water. Judging from appearances at the time, it was not sight, so that we are left with at least three probables, the ears, the vibrissæ or "whiskers," and the tactile sense distributed over the body. Probably the ears played some part, but it could hardly be a great part. It is significant, for example, that our talking in loud voices as we climbed the cliff left the seals unmoved, while the impact of a comparatively small pebble on the surface of the water caused their disappearance as if by magic. The vibrissæ must inevitably come under suspicion. We may suggest, again with little knowledge to support it, that the conspicuous whiskers of a cat enable their possessor to feel the way in the dark, either by actually touching solid objects or, more probably, by picking up vibrations reflected back from solid objects.

It is always a matter of interest to notice how blind people are aware of solid objects in their path. Even people with normal sight, moving about in the dark, are sometimes surprised at the way their suspicions are alerted by unseen solid objects. In the black-out, those of us who endeavoured to train ourselves habitually to move about without the aid of a torch were aware of a perceptible improvement in our ability to be conscious of solid objects before touching them. And blind people seem not only to know when a solid object stands in their path, but to say whether it is a lamp-post or a pillar-box. Yet there is, so far as we know, no special sense-receptor located in our bodies to deal with this. Since we cannot get into a cat's brain to test its truth, we can only surmise that the whiskers of that animal are highly sensitive in this same way. How much more so, then, are we justified in suspecting a high sensitivity to vibrations, especially in the water, in the more strongly developed whiskers of a seal.

There is another line of argument that may be reasonably employed. There is a close kinship between seals and the terrestrial

carnivores. In fact, we might stretch a point and call seals the dogs of the sea. Carnivores are characterised by a high development of the sense-organs; it is a necessary adjunct of the hunter. If we look at a wolf's head, with its large, sensitive ears, its long snout with the sensitive nostrils, together with the eyes and vibrissæ, we get an overall impression of a head well equipped for keeping in touch with the world around, by hearing and smell, and to a lesser extent sight and touch. By contrast, the head of a seal gives an impression of being poorly equipped, apart from the large eyes. We may take it, both as a matter of course and as the result of observation, that the general sensitivity of a seal is not markedly less than, say, a wolf. We may also be fairly certain that any diminution in the senses of smell or hearing will be compensated for elsewhere. Why not by these particularly stout and well-developed vibrissæ?

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ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S "CHERUBS-IN-FUR":
A BABY ALBINO KOALA IN SYDNEY'S ZOO.



CLINGING TO MOTHER AS HE GAZES ABOUT HIM WITH HIS LARGE ROUND EYES:
SNOWY, AN ALBINO KOALA AT TARONGA PARK ZOO, SYDNEY.



MODELLED FOR THE FURRY TOYS THAT HAVE MADE THE KOALA KNOWN ALL OVER
THE WORLD: SNOWY, AN ALBINO KOALA, FEEDS AS MOTHER RESTS IN A TREE FORK.



RIDING ON MOTHER'S BACK: A FORM OF TRANSPORTATION USED BY YOUNG KOALAS
WHEN, AT ABOUT THE AGE OF SIX MONTHS, THEY LEAVE THE POUCH.

One of the most universally popular animals is the fascinating Australian koala (*Phascolarctus cinereus*). The koala is usually called the Australian "native bear," but it is not a bear, but a marsupial. It is found all over Australia, from Victoria to Queensland. Although it is familiar to people all over the world, from the furry toys that have been modelled on it, comparatively few people have ever actually seen koalas, as their export from Australia is banned. Our photographs on this page show a rare albino koala, *Snowy*, at Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney. In 1948 three of these rare animals were



LOOKING ROUND AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHILE MOTHER, WHO IS MORE BLASÉ,
CONTINUES TO FEED: SNOWY, ONE OF THE FEW CAPTIVE ALBINO KOALAS.

captured in New South Wales, and taken to the zoo. *Snowy*, who is still very young, has a normal grey koala mother. Like other albinos, the koalas have pink eyes and poor sight, but they are quite as sturdy and vigorous as their grey-furred, brown-eyed companions. The usual length of an adult koala is about 30 ins., and the weight a little over 12 lbs. It has a thick-set body, broad, short muzzle and no tail. Koalas are not easy to rear in captivity, and are fastidious about the type of eucalypt leaves they will eat. Australia has about 500 varieties of eucalypts, but the koala will only feed on about ten of them.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. "PORCELAIN SENSE" AT ITS ZENITH.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

sensitive fingers of a blind man could easily distinguish the two kinds of porcelain and that he would derive far more enjoyment from touching the one than the other. At the same time, the use of coloured grounds—the green, for example, and the wonderful "bleu de roi"—which are characteristic of Sèvres and were copied all over Europe—does not seem to me to deserve any off-hand compliment. The colours are surely magnificent and magnificently put to the service of the craft.

I suppose people will argue for ever about the fashion, introduced in the 1750's, of using the unglazed "biscuit" for figure modelling. Mr. Honey regards it with distaste. "It meant," he says, "the renunciation of glaze as well as colour in a vain, misguided attempt to emulate marble." I leave it to the reader to decide for himself; there are numerous examples of both glazed and biscuit figures and groups among his illustrations. If the latter really foreshadow the decline and fall of the art of ceramics, it is an enchanting and nostalgic decadence, and the world would be much poorer without them. There are some finely chosen illustrations to point the moral, and I imagine that they will persuade many who have not yet given the subject much thought to go to the British Museum and to the Victoria and Albert and form their own judgment. I would suggest a comparison of the Vincennes groups in glazed white porcelain (Figs. 1 and 2—Plates 64 and 65A in the book), both at

of a European tradition and evolving shapes and decoration more in harmony with the world about them, even when their experiments lead them to what the austere may condemn as rococo extravagance. I have in mind such a piece as the Vincennes sauce-boat illustrated in Plate 61B (Fig. 3), from the *Musée des Arts Décoratifs*—a thing of asymmetrical and, at first sight, incoherent curves, but which, in fact, after a second glance, proves itself to be composed as logically as the waves of the sea—a light-hearted contrast to the rather rigid neo-classicism which became the mode towards the end of the century.

A very short—and very intriguing—chapter is devoted to forgeries. I like especially the author's story of a piece in the Jones Collection (now in the Victoria and Albert Museum), which was bought as Sèvres, but which was actually made at Coalport. Minton apparently made honest copies, but Coalport imitations often bear false Sèvres marks. The men who sold it pretended to make inquiries of the Sèvres factory and produced an apocryphal assurance of its genuineness. Plenty of imitations were made in Paris (I think mostly in the 1860's to 1880's); but the

THE last book on French porcelain to be published in English came from the printers in 1905. There have, of course, been numerous articles in magazines since then, and a specialist publication or two—for example, the late Sir Guy Laking's catalogue of the Sèvres at Buckingham Palace and Windsor (1907), and William King's catalogue of the Jones Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum (1924); apart from that, this entrancing subject has been ignored by publishers. It is a curious omission, for, to the average man and woman, Sèvres is a more famous name than that of any other European factory, while those who have taken the trouble to delve a little further into French ceramic history are in no two minds as to the importance and beauty of the productions of the less-well-known centres, such as Mennecy or Chantilly. We can now welcome a wise and informative book, "French Porcelain of the 18th Century," by W. B. Honey, who was, until a few months ago, Keeper of the Department of Ceramics at the Victoria and Albert Museum. He takes the view that the fame of French porcelain rests upon the earlier soft-pastes. "Their material has a greater intrinsic beauty and their shapes and decoration reveal a finer taste than any other European Porcelain." If I read him aright he rather deplores the rediscovery at Sèvres in 1768 of the secret of hard-paste as leading to a progressive decline in "porcelain sense"; I am not sure that everyone will wholly agree with him on this point—I think one could argue that a different material necessarily involves a different product, just as something made of bronze differs in essence from something made of marble. The two cannot very well conform to identical standards, and each must be judged from its own nature; a preference for one or the other is largely a matter of individual taste.

Personally, I am on the side of Mr. Honey, partly because I find both the forms and the decorations of the earlier soft-paste pieces more suave and consequently more engaging than the brilliant later wares, and also because on the rare occasions I have had the opportunity of handling them, I find—or imagine I find—a very special pleasure. Indeed, I believe—though I have no evidence—that the ultra-



FIG. 1. A VINCENNES GROUP IN GLAZED WHITE PORCELAIN, c. 1750-55, SOMETIMES CALLED "VENUS AND ADONIS." (Height, 11½ ins.)

This group of a man approaching a sleeping girl beside a basket of flowers is sometimes called "Venus and Adonis." The artist who modelled it has not been identified. (Victoria and Albert Museum.)



FIG. 2. A VINCENNES GROUP IN GLAZED WHITE PORCELAIN FROM A MODEL MADE BY L.-F. DE LA RUE IN 1757. (Height, 9½ ins.)

"Louis-Felix de la Rue, in 1757 modelled some charming groups of little boys playing with a fish and with a conch shell, of which glazed specimens are in the Victoria and Albert Museum (Jones Collection)."

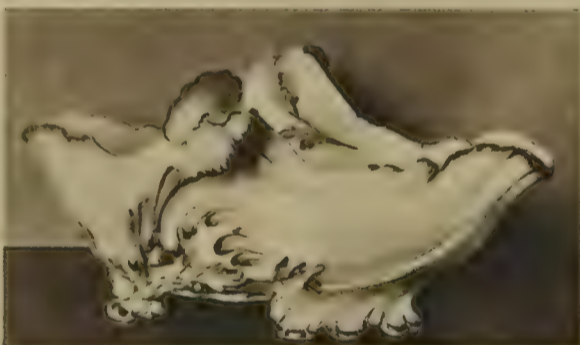


FIG. 3. A SAUCE-BOAT IN VINCENNES PORCELAIN PAINTED IN COLOURS, MARK IN BLUE, CROSSED "L's" ENCLOSED "D" FOR THE YEAR 1756. (Length, 10½ ins.)

Frank Davis describes this sauce-boat as "A thing of asymmetrical and, at first sight, incoherent curves but which, in fact . . . proves itself to be composed as logically as the waves of the sea." (*Musée des Arts Décoratifs*.)

The illustrations on this page, from "French Porcelain of the 18th Century," by W. B. Honey, reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Faber and Faber.



FIG. 4. A SÈVRES GROUP IN BISCUIT PORCELAIN, c. 1763: "PYGMALION AND GALATEA," FROM A MODEL MADE BY E.-M. FALCONET. (Height, 14½ ins.)

This magnificent group in Sèvres biscuit porcelain is one of the most important works of E.-M. Falconet. (British Museum.)

the Victoria and Albert, with the Sèvres "Pygmalion and Galatea" at the British Museum and "Leda and the Swan" at the Victoria and Albert, both in unglazed biscuit (Figs. 4 and 5—Plates 68 and 70 in the book). To me all four are enchanting in their several ways. The two last-named are by the sculptor Falconet; and the "Leda" is from a design by Boucher.

The passion for *chinoiserie* which afflicted every factory in Europe is represented by several rare examples; they delight the *cognoscenti*, but some of us remain obstinately blind to their merits—they seem to us neither French nor Chinese, and consequently tiresome. Those who hold this heretical opinion much prefer to see these extraordinarily gifted potters thinking in terms



FIG. 5. A SÈVRES GROUP IN BISCUIT PORCELAIN, c. 1764: "LEDA AND THE SWAN," FROM A MODEL MADE BY E.-M. FALCONET AFTER BOUCHER IN 1764. (Height, 13 ins.)

This group was modelled by Falconet after Boucher, but most of his work in his nine years at the Sèvres factory was entirely his own. (Victoria and Albert Museum.)

for something that is not all it should be, and all the great collectors of the past have acquired their knowledge by making a few mistakes. Perhaps in the long run the Van Meegerens of this naughty world are unwitting public benefactors. This excellent book will help to frustrate their knavish tricks.

I have just realised I have done the author an injustice by giving the impression that his book is mostly about Sèvres. In fact, he deals faithfully with all the factories, and promises us a monograph on Vincennes and Sèvres alone in the not-too-distant future.

* Frank Davis reviews on this page "French Porcelain of the 18th Century," by W. B. Honey, lately Keeper of the Department of Ceramics, Victoria and Albert Museum, London. (Faber and Faber; 25s. net.)

PRESENTED TO A LONDON MUSEUM: MASTERPIECES BY ITALIAN SILVERSMITHS.

THE Victoria and Albert Museum has just received a splendid gift from Dr. W. L. Hildburgh, F.S.A., for many years one of its benefactors. This consists of the collection of Italian processional and altar crosses which he has been forming for forty years; and it is now on view in the New Acquisitions Court. The crosses range in date from the

[Continued opposite.

(LEFT.) AN ALTAR CROSS, SILVER PROPER-GILT ON A WOODEN FOUNDATION, SET WITH SILVER PLAQUES ORIGINALLY ENAMELLED. TUSCAN, C. 1400. SET ON THE FOOT OF A PYX, PROPER GILT, ENGRAVED WITH A COAT OF ARMS AND AN INSCRIPTION STATING IT WAS MADE IN 1505 FOR URBANO ETTORE URBANI OF MONTE SANTO AND DONNA CLARA AURBANI, HIS SISTER.

A PROCESSIONAL CROSS. SILVER PARCEL GILT, ENRICHED WITH TRANSLUCENT ENAMEL PLAQUES ON A WOODEN FOUNDATION. SIENESE, C. 1360, A VERY IMPORTANT WORK.

[Continued.] fourteenth to the seventeenth century, and include examples in copper-gilt and in silver enriched with translucent enamel and niello. The examples in the humbler metal are not necessarily inferior as works of art to those in silver, for skilled Italian craftsmen were often ready to execute commissions for clients of limited means. Among the crosses we reproduce is an important example made c. 1360 and decorated with Sieneese translucent enamel, and a fine

[Continued below.

(RIGHT.) AN ALTAR CROSS, SILVER PROPER-GILT ON A WOODEN FOUNDATION SET WITH nielloed silver plaques, signed BERNARDINO DE NOFRICA, 1552.



A PROCESSIONAL CROSS. SILVER PARCEL-GILT, SET WITH PLAQUES ORIGINALLY ENRICHED WITH TRANSLUCENT ENAMEL. ON A WOODEN FOUNDATION. TUSCAN, SECOND HALF 14TH CENTURY. (Rütschi Collection.)



AN ALTAR CROSS. SILVER PARCEL-GILT ON A WOODEN FOUNDATION SET WITH NIELLOES AND WITH PLAQUES ENGRAVED AND ORIGINALLY ENAMELLED REPRESENTING, MAINLY FRANCISCAN SAINTS. N. ITALIAN, C. 1500.



A PROCESSIONAL CROSS. COPPER-GILT ON A WOODEN FOUNDATION. ITALIAN, ILLUSTRATING THE ART OF VALTELLINA. FIRST HALF OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY



A PROCESSIONAL CROSS. COPPER-GILT. TUSCAN, SECOND HALF OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. COPPER-GILT CROSSES ARE NOT NECESSARILY ARTISTICALLY INFERIOR TO SILVER ONES.

[Continued.] example of a copper-gilt cross of the early fifteenth-century which illustrates the art of the Valtellina, a valley wedged in the southern slopes of the Alps. Nearly all the crosses appear to have been made in Northern Italy. Dr. Hildburgh



PROCESSIONAL CROSS. SILVER PARCEL-GILT ON A WOODEN FOUNDATION. COPPER-GILT KNOP. SET WITH STUMPED SILVER MEDALLIONS. LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



PROCESSIONAL CROSS, SILVER GILT ON A WOODEN FOUNDATION. EMILIAN, C. 1300. THE EDGING IS MODERN. (Formerly in the Rütschi Collection.)

has also recently given to the museum a collection of some thirty sixteenth- and seventeenth-century boxwood carvings, chiefly German and Netherlandish, a selection of which is on view.

A MISCELLANY OF CURRENT NEWS ITEMS: THE CAMERA AS REPORTER.



THE STATE FUNERAL OF FIELD MARSHAL MANNERHEIM: A VIEW OF THE PROCESSION IN HELSINKI, WITH THE DEAD MARSHAL'S DECORATIONS BORNE IN FRONT OF THE COFFIN. The funeral of Field Marshal Mannerheim, who died in a hospital at Lausanne, Switzerland, on January 27, aged eighty-three, took place in Helsinki on February 4. For two days the Field Marshal lay in state in the Great Church, where 60,000 people paid tribute to their national hero. After a service in the church the coffin, carried on a gun-carriage, was taken in procession to the Cemetery of



THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN THE GREAT CHURCH, HELSINKI: MR. K. A. FAGERHOLM, PRESIDENT OF THE FINNISH DIET (RIGHT), READING A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE FIELD MARSHAL MANNERHEIM. War Heroes. The Kings of Sweden and Denmark, and the Federal President of Switzerland were represented by their Ministers in Helsinki, and the Governments of Sweden, Denmark, Iceland, Switzerland, Greece and Canada were also represented. Russia, her satellite countries and the Finnish Communist party boycotted the funeral.



FEATHERS TARRED: THE KING'S SWAN MASTER AND AN R.S.P.C.A. SENIOR INSPECTOR WITH A SOILED SWAN. The accidental fouling of the Isis with tar resulted in a number of swans having their feathers tarred—the reversal of the usual order of a nasty process. The soiled birds were captured by the King's Swan Master and taken to Cookham for cleaning, as they would be unable to rid their feathers of the tar unaided.



TO MARRY THE KING OF EGYPT: MISS NARIMAN SADEK, WHOSE BETROTHAL TO KING FAROUK WAS ANNOUNCED. On February 11, King Farouk's thirty-first birthday, the Royal Cabinet of Egypt announced the betrothal of the King and Miss Nariman Sadek, the seventeen-year-old daughter of the late Hussein Fahmy Sadek Bey. The date of the marriage was to be announced later. King Farouk was divorced in 1948.



PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S WEDDING PRESENT TO THE SHAH OF PERSIA: A STEUBEN GLASS BOWL. Among the presents for the Shah's wedding to Miss Soraya Esfandiari-Bakhtiari, on February 12, were a pair of Georgian silver candelabra from King George VI., and the Steuben glass bowl we show above from President Truman. This, a companion to one sent to Princess Elizabeth for her wedding, shows figures of American legend.



A SHROVE TUESDAY PANCAKE RACE, RUN SIMULTANEOUSLY IN OLNEY, BUCKS, AND AT LIBERAL, KANSAS, U.S.A.: THE OLNEY FIELD WITH THE WINNER, MRS. ISABEL DIX (CENTRE). For the second time Shrove Tuesday Pancake races for housewives were run simultaneously in Olney (where the event was instituted 500 years ago) and in Liberal, Kansas. Mrs. Isabel Dix, with a time of 1 min. 12.1 secs., retained the event for Britain. The Liberal winner took 1 min. 14.5 secs.



CARRYING A BRAVE ARRAY OF SLOGANS AND POINTING THE MORAL WITH EFFIGIES OF A CONTENTED HOUSEWIFE AND A SKELETON: TEDDINGTON HOUSEWIVES PETITION THE COMMONS. On Shrove Tuesday, the day before Lent, and in the opening of the first week of the 8d. ration of meat, a group of Teddington housewives, headed by Teddington's woman butcher, travelled by coach to Westminster to present petitions at the House protesting against the "meat position."

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE BRITISH CONSUL-GENERAL AT TIHWA, WHOSE TREATMENT AND EXPULSION FROM CHINA IS THE SUBJECT OF A BRITISH PROTEST: MR. FOX HOLMES, WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY. A protest has been made to the Chinese Foreign Office on the treatment of Mr. Fox Holmes, British Consul-General in Tihwa. The Consulate and staff were searched by armed men and women. Mr. Fox Holmes was interrogated until he had a heart attack, and on December 27 he and his family and staff were expelled, most of their possessions were confiscated, and they travelled under conditions of extreme discomfort.



A TURKISH WELCOME TO THE GREEK SOVEREIGN: KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES AND QUEEN FREDERIKA VISITING THE TURKISH ENCLAVE OPPOSITE TO EDIRNE (ADRIANOPLE). During their tour of Western Thrace the King and Queen of Greece left the Royal train at Karaghatch, in the Turkish enclave which lies on the western bank of the River Evros (Maritza) opposite to Edirne (Adrianople). The King, after reviewing a guard of honour, went with the Queen to the station building, which was decorated with Turkish and Greek flags, and conversed with the Turkish authorities before returning to Greek territory.



SIR HENRY MACK. Appointed British Ambassador to Argentina in succession to Sir John Balfour, who is to be Ambassador to Spain. Sir Henry Mack joined the Foreign Office in 1921, and has served in many countries. In 1942 he accompanied General Eisenhower to North Africa. He has been Ambassador to Iraq since 1948.



MR. HUGH MACKINTOSH FOOT. Shortly to take up his appointment as Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica. Born in 1907, he is a son of Mr. Isaac Foot, and a brother of Mr. Michael Foot and of Mr. Dingle Foot. From 1947, until his new appointment, he was Chief Secretary, Nigeria. He was Colonial Secretary, Jamaica, in 1945.



WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S SQUASH RACKETS CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE SECOND TIME: MISS J. R. MORGAN, WITH THE TROPHY ON FEBRUARY 10.

Miss J. R. Morgan, the holder, won the Women's Squash Rackets championship for the second time on February 10 at the Lansdowne Club, when she beat Miss P. J. Curry, who had formerly held the title for the previous three years in succession, by 9-1, 2-9, 9-3, 9-4. They have been finalists for four years running.

ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: TWENTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD PRINCE MICHAEL OF BOURBON PARMA AND TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS YOLANDE OF BROGLIE.

The engagement was recently announced between Prince Michael of Bourbon Parma, son of Prince René of Bourbon Parma and Princess Margaret of Denmark, and Princess Yolande of Broglie, daughter of Prince Joseph of Broglie. During the war Prince Michael fought with the French forces in Indo-China.



SIR FRANCIS JOSEPH, Bt. Died recently, aged eighty. He rose from the ranks to become a great industrialist and, in 1935, was President of the Federation of British Industries. He was president of the Staffordshire Chamber of Commerce from 1922 to 1932. During World War II, he acted as chairman of the U.K. Commercial Corporation.



HERR FRITZ THYSEN. Died on January 8 in Argentina, where he had resided since January last year, aged seventy-seven. At one time he was the most powerful figure in German heavy industry and one of Hitler's earliest backers. In 1939 he opposed the Nazi's non-aggression pact with Soviet Russia and fled to Switzerland.



MAJOR SABIHA GÖKÇEN, ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF THE LATE KEMAL ATATÜRK, WHO HAS VOLUNTEERED FOR COMBAT AIR SERVICE IN KOREA. Major Sabiha Gökçen, the thirty-six-year-old adopted daughter of Atatürk, the creator and first President of modern Turkey, is a regular pilot in the Turkish Air Force, and has seen active service (in 1935) against Kurdish rebels. It was recently officially announced in Istanbul that she had volunteered for service in Korea with the U.N., and would shortly be leaving for the Far East.



A.C.M. SIR HUGH SAUNDERS. Has taken up the appointment of C-in-C. Air Forces, Western Europe, in succession to Air Chief-Marshal Sir James Robb. He is fifty-six and has been Inspector-General of the R.A.F. since 1949. His appointment has been made pending a decision on the future structure of command in Europe under the Supreme Commander, Allied Powers in Europe.



THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO MADRID: MR. STANTON GRIFFIS (RIGHT), BEING SWORN IN BY A STATE DEPARTMENT OFFICIAL AT WASHINGTON. The new American Ambassador to Spain, the first appointed since the U.N. diplomatic boycott in December, 1946, is Mr. Stanton Griffis. Mr. Griffis was born in Boston in 1887, and is by profession an investment banker. He has however had a varied diplomatic career since the war, acting as American Ambassador in Poland (1947), Egypt (1948-49), and in Argentina since September, 1949.

THE KOREAN WAR ON LAND AND SEA: ASPECTS OF THE NEW U.N. ADVANCE.



THE ROYAL ARTILLERY IN KOREA: A TROOP OF 25-PDR. GUNS IN ACTION BY THE ROADSIDE NEAR ANYANG DURING THE ADVANCE TO SEOUL.



PASSING ALLIED TANKS LOADED WITH TROOPS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT: CHINESE COMMUNIST PRISONERS BEING MARCHED TO THE REAR NEAR SUWON.



PRECEDED BY ENGINEERS WITH MINE-DETECTORS AND ESCORTED BY AN INFANTRY BAZOOKA TEAM: A UNITED NATIONS TANK MOVING TOWARDS COMMUNIST TERRITORY.



A WINTER VERSION OF SWABBING DOWN THE DECKS: A MOTOR-DRIVEN REVOLVING BRUSH BEING USED TO CLEAR SNOW FROM THE FLIGHT-DECK OF A CARRIER.



A "PEP-TALK" IN THE SNOW: LIEUT.-GENERAL MATTHEW RIDGWAY, COMMANDING THE EIGHTH ARMY, ADDRESSING HIS FORMATION COMMANDERS NEAR THE FRONT LINE.



TRAINING TO TAKE THEIR PLACE BESIDE THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES: SOUTH KOREANS AT A TRAINING CAMP LEARNING HOW TO FIRE ROCKET-LAUNCHING BAZOOKAS.

At the time of writing United Nations forces are at the gates of Seoul and patrols are reported to have entered the city. On February 10 British tanks from the 29th British Brigade, which advanced with U.S. armour and with infantry of the U.S. 25th Division, captured Kimpo airfield and later the port and town of Inchon were again in United Nations' hands. The U.N. west coast fleet took part in these operations by bombarding enemy forces and installations in the Seoul-Inchon area and were covered by Marine Corsairs flying from the U.S. carrier *Bataan*. Our photographs from the Korean war zone give some

idea of the conditions prevailing at the present time, when even the flight-decks of carriers at sea have to be cleared of snow before aircraft can take off. The free movement of tanks along the roads is restricted by land-mines and armoured columns are preceded by "minesweepers"—sappers with mine-detectors who locate and remove the obstacles. In a recent address to his subordinate commanders, Lieut.-General Ridgway, commanding the Eighth Army, said: "We have eleven hours of daylight and I want the maximum of fighting with the maximum of casualties to the enemy and the minimum to us."

A GRAVE U.S. RAILWAY DISASTER.



AN AMERICAN RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN WHICH EIGHTY-TWO PERSONS WERE KILLED: AN AIR VIEW OF THE SCENE AFTER A TEMPORARY TRESTLE AT WOODBRIDGE, N.J., HAD GIVEN WAY.



SHOWING HOW FIVE OF THE TRAIN'S ELEVEN COACHES PLUNGED DOWN AN EMBANKMENT AFTER THE TRESTLE HAD GIVEN WAY AT WOODBRIDGE, N.J., ON FEBRUARY 6: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE.

A railway accident which is believed to be the worst in America for thirty-two years occurred at Woodbridge, New Jersey, on February 6. A temporary trestle gave way as a crowded train of the Pennsylvania Railroad was passing over it, and five of the eleven coaches plunged down an embankment, killing 82 persons and injuring 500 others. The train was carrying an exceptionally full load of passengers on account of the switchmen's strike, most of them men and women who work in New York, who were returning to their homes on the coastal area of New Jersey. Our two aerial photographs show the scene from opposite viewpoints, and illustrate the extent of the wreckage. The trestle, which had only been opened for operation five hours earlier, commenced to sway as soon as the train began to cross it. The engine and six coaches passed over safely, but the seventh toppled off the track, carrying the others jack-knifed with it.

FEDERATION JUBILEE DAY IN SYDNEY.

The Jubilee Festival and Carnival in celebration of the fiftieth year since Australian Federation, took place in Sydney on January 29, this date having been chosen to follow the celebrations of Australia Day, January 26 (which marks the anniversary of the first permanent settlement and arrival of the Fleet at Port Jackson (near Sydney)) and close a week-end of festivity. A procession of fifty-one floats passed through the streets of the city, and in the evening there was a magnificent display of fireworks, which some half-a-million people watched across the famous Sydney Harbour. The New South Wales Government float in the procession featured personages in the costumes of 1901, and figures representing the States and the Aborigines. The float which symbolised the progress of Australian music during the half-century since Federation bore the names of famous Australian musicians and composers, headed by that of the late Dame Nellie Melba.



REPRESENTING THE GROWTH OF MUSIC IN AUSTRALIA DURING THE HALF-CENTURY SINCE FEDERATION: ONE OF THE FIFTY-ONE FLOATS IN THE JUBILEE PROCESSION IN SYDNEY.



A DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS OVER THE FAMOUS HARBOUR OF SYDNEY: SOME HALF-A-MILLION PEOPLE WATCHED THE PYROTECHNICS ON THE EVENING OF JUBILEE DAY, JAN. 29.



"FIFTY YEARS OF FEDERATION": THE NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT FLOAT IN THE SYDNEY FESTIVAL: PERSONAGES IN 1901 COSTUME, AND GIRLS AS THE STATES.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THERE are some novels in which the plot stands for the book; describe the plot, and you have said the main thing about them. And there are times when plot is unrevealing, even a false trail.

For instance, in "The Hidden Faring," by N. Brysson Morrison (Hogarth Press; 9s. 6d.). First take what happens. Bartle, the crofter's little boy, adores the Big House and its summer family; they are the sunshine of his world; and Lady Wain, especially, has a divine radiance. Later, but still adoring them, he goes to college in Glasgow. In the same year, the Lady takes a village girl there as a kitchenmaid. She promptly "gets into trouble," and Bartle is of course suspected; only the Wains and he know better, and for their sakes he is glad to say nothing. Meanwhile his adoration of the Family has burst into flower, as a romantic passion for the second daughter. Maysie responds—but only once; then, to his utter incredulity, she drops him like a hot brick and marries for ambition. With that the very life seems to go out of him; he turns his back on a career, and sinks into a village dominie. Not till years later does the spring return, with his conversion to Catholicism and devotion to a young pupil. Then, on the threshold of idyllic happiness, the past reaches out; Effie is led to think herself his child. She flees in desperation to another match, and Bartle becomes a monk.

But this account submerges all the quality, and I might say the real story. Really it is a story about time, about the deep soil of life, its continuity, its transience. At every step, we are foot deep in the past; this year's experience is drifting down, and being absorbed into the mould. The tiny cottage at Barnfingal stands on two worlds. Kirsty, the dour, indomitable Kirsty, grew out of the Reformation; so her man's mother, by the fireside, is a bosom-enemy. For the old cailleach was born on Wrack, "a far cry away": on Wrack, where they are "worse than pagans." The feud is kept underground and Wrack, the magic, the forbidden isle, is not spoken of—except when Bartle and his grannie are alone. And even then she needs a lot of coaxing, and she never tells the key-secret. Yet he was bound to come to it in time.

And there are other dramas, vivid for an hour, then undistinguishable in "the mould of past seasons." Kirsty's own youth; the story of her husband's death; the story of the "black Malcolms"—however passionate or grim, they are the stuff of dreams. When Kirsty dies, hercroft will be unthatched and fall to ruin; there will be no ghosts, no sign that it was once a dwelling-place. And yet the tale is not sad. It has such beauty—beauty of scene, and of the spirit—as to wash out sadness. Only the plot is vulnerable, and I haven't space to pick holes in it.

"The Deluge," by Ian Niall (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.), is in the other class. Here action, and a single action is the whole book; it all develops out of one idea, and only has to live up to it.

After a week of heavy rains, a disused reservoir is giving way. The dam will burst at any moment, and the floods will crash down on Hillside; and then the row of cottages along the sluice-way must be wiped out. We know this from the first, for old Joe Adams, the disgruntled caretaker, has seen the stones moving. But the inhabitants of Water Row have still a chance. Indeed, they have two chances. There is old Joe; they call him Skinfint and he longs to see them all drown, but for his job's sake he is going to telephone the engineer. And there is old Mr. Dow, who lives in Water Row and has become a prophet. Old Mr. Dow foresees the deluge, and he warns everyone. Some will be drowned, some saved, he can't tell which. But as for him and his, they will be saved, for they are going to move out.

And then we have a peep into the doomed cottages. Flood or no flood, it is a day of crises. More than one household is convulsed; some people would be glad to die, some would be better dead. Meanwhile old Joe, his secret unrevealed, is in a drunken stupor, and the prophet is being howled down.

From first to last, an admirable story—deft, thrilling, excellently written, and completely painless: at the very head of its class. It can't fail to be popular, and rightly so. But still, the class is not high; its finest product can't compete with "No Resting Place."

"The Plenipotentiaries," by H. J. Kaplan (Secker and Warburg; 10s. 6d.), is a post-war version of the "Innocents Abroad"—the young Americans in France—as featured by Henry James. In this case, they are Pat and Tony: Tony with his charm and "amazon-dog" eagerness, and Pat, the self-conscious young man, who lays down the law. Both would be dissidents, outsiders, in their own country, but here in Paris they are thought to represent it, and have "full powers." To Mr. Strauss, the doyen of expatriates, they are a god-sent theme; he knows they know nothing, and keeps an expert eye on their collision with the Old World.

First they go butting into politics, which is Pat's fault; then they get mixed up with the Tarskis, which is cataclysmic. When they sort themselves out, the famous painter and his wife are still a Couple, but the innocents have lost contact.

Unluckily, sophistication has to keep moving, till it rejects all literature as obviously "made up." This is the point that "Mr. Strauss" has reached. So he adopts confession as a "cellar route" back to the same thing; and so his brilliant and ironic comedy is partly stifled. Bypaths are no resource.

The scene of "The Dark River," by Philip Clark (Wingate; 9s. 6d.), is an old house in Charleston. In it the Rossers' marriage has been breaking up. After a last, neurotically jealous scene, Murray is found shot; and Janet spends a year in travel. Then she returns to face—not the expected whisper that she drove her husband to suicide, but a more deadly rumour that she killed him. Murder it was; and there are other murders, questionable suitors, and, of course, prowlers. But for once they keep within bounds; and there is atmosphere as well, and time to breathe—and a particularly good sergeant.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE Russian Championship Tournament produces, year by year, games marked by great originality. Here are two of the best from the 1950-51 event, the first a SICILIAN DEFENCE:

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Aronin.	Geller.	Aronin.	Geller.
1. P-K4	P-QB4	3. P-Q4	P×P
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	4. Kt×P	P-KKt3

Learners are invariably told that if they omit 4... Kt-B3 here, White will play 5. P-QB4, obtaining a powerful grip on the position. Black deliberately omits 4... Kt-B3 and White omits 5. P-QB4! Certainly original.

5. B-K3	B-Kt2	8. P-K5	Kt-Kt1
6. Kt-QB3	Kt-B3	9. P-B4	P-B3
7. Kt×Kt	KtP×Kt	10. P×P	

Interesting sacrificial alternatives here are 10. P-K6, P×P; 11. Q-B3 or 10. B-B4, P×P; 11. P×P, B×P; 12. Castles.

10. Kt×P	13. B-Q4	B-B4
11. B-K2	Castles	14. B-B3
12. Castles	P-Q4	15. P-KKt4

This move, loosening up his king's wing, is the cause of most of his subsequent troubles.

15. B-B1	18. Q×R	Kt×P
16. R-Kt1	R-Kt5	19. Q×RP?
17. P-QR3	R×B!	

Reckless greed. The queen should have stayed back to help the defence.

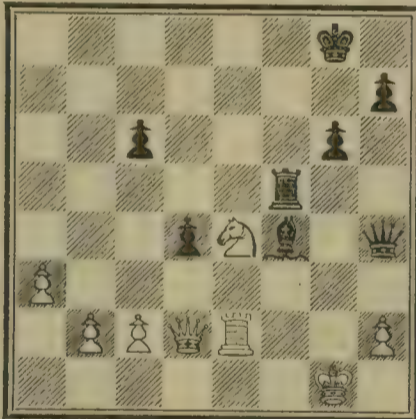
19. P-K4!	22. Q-K3	P-Q5
20. B×Kt	B×B	23. Q-Q2
21. P×P	B-B6!	24. R×B

Forced, because Black threatened 24... B-B5 and 25... Q-Kt4ch.

24. R×R	26. Kt-K4	Q-R5
25. R-K1	R-B4	

Threatening 27... B×Pch; 28. Q×B, Q×Rch.

27. R-K2 B-B5!



28. Q-K1

28. Q×P? would allow 28... B×Pch and if 29. R×B, Black could mate in four moves. Can you see how?

28. B×Pch	29. K-R1	B-Kt6disch
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White resigns.

RET'S OPENING.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Petroshan.	Tolush.	Petroshan.	Tolush.
1. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	5. P×P	KP×P
2. P-B4	P-K3	6. Q-B2	B-Q3
3. Kt-B3	P-Q4	7. B-Kt5	Castles
4. P-Q4	P-B3	8. P-K3	B-KKt5

White's reply proves this a bad move.

9. Kt-K5!	B-R4	10. P-B4	Q-R4?
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Leaving the king inadequately defended.

11. B-Q3	P-KR3	15. Castles(Q)	B-Kt4
12. B×Kt	P×B	16. P×B	K-R1
13. P-KKt4!	P×Kt	17. Q-KB2	P-KB4
14. BP×P	B-K2		

White threatened 18. Q-B5.

18. P-KR4	B-K2	19. Q-B4	Resigns
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A STUDY OF A GREAT MAN.

I REMEMBER Mr. Philip Guedalla inveighing against what he called "the private secretary type of biography." That is to say, a biographer's attitude which was either one of slavish adulation or, less frequently, an opportunity of working off years of dislike and frustration on the defenceless dead. Mr. Guedalla can never have conceived of a private secretary like Miss Blanche Patch, the authoress of "30 Years with G.B.S." (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.). Miss Patch became secretary to Bernard Shaw, largely as the result of an accident, in July, 1920, and remained with him till his death. A less remarkable woman than Miss Patch might have fallen into either of the two Guedallan errors. She, on the contrary, produces one of the most remarkable examples of objective and dispassionate study of a great man which has surely ever been put on paper by a close associate of such a man. Although she writes of G.B.S. with affection, she was, as Bernard Shaw said on the only occasion on which she shook him out of his equanimity, "Shaw-proof." She did not agree particularly with his political views, nor indeed with many of his views on other subjects. Or if she did, she doesn't say so. The result of this amazing objectivity is to provide a picture of Shaw of a value which will only be fully appreciated by later biographers of G.B.S., when Miss Patch and you and I are no more. Her book will provide, in a way which no ecstatic or partisan biography can do, an answer to the extraordinary contradictions in the life and character of the greatest of the Shavians. His mysticism, his dislike of aggressive atheists and agnostics, the beauty of the occasional prayers which he wrote (including a revised verse of "God Save the King" which he did for Elgar), side-by-side with his trouncing of priests, prophets and those who believed in the simplicity of revealed religion; his socialism—and his most unsocialist preoccupation with the monstrous size of his surtax returns; his generosity—and his meanness: these were not so much inconsistent as paradoxical—in the sense that his old friend G. K. Chesterton was paradoxical. One interesting aspect of this book is the oblique light it throws on the early Fabians. Those of us who were brought up to regard the Early Fabians as far more important ("significant" was, I think, the word we used) than the Early Fathers and who have not recovered from that childish infatuation, would do well not to read it. What a collection they were. As Miss Patch writes: "Only once do I remember the Webbs going gay. When Sidney became Lord Passfield and was in the Cabinet, they gave a reception at Admiralty House, with the band playing in one room and an excellent tea in another." Of course, it would be tea. Even Mrs. Shaw, a much more human person than Mrs. Webb (who had decided to have a "Sunday baby" to which they could allot a little attention on Sundays, but for whom she and Sidney ultimately could not find the time), was not all that human. When Miss Patch asked her why she didn't like babies: "Babies!" she exclaimed, "who could like them? Disgusting little things!" The monstrous impertinence of people with views of this sort setting out to plan the lives of other people's unborn children "from the cradle to the grave" never seems to have occurred to the Fabians.

In one, among many other things, in which G.B.S. was more human than his fellow Fabians, was in his love of the old-time music-hall songs. There are two charming pictures, one of G.B.S. singing "Oh, Mr. Porter" with his arm round his wife when she was recovering from an accident, and the other his duet with Miss Gertrude Lawrence at the age of ninety-two, when the great star and the great man sang together: "Come Little Girl for a Sail with Me, Up in My Bonny Balloon." G.B.S. would have shared the grief of that doyen of historians of the theatre, and particularly of the nineteenth-century theatre, Mr. W. Macqueen-Pope, in his "The Melodies Linger On" (W. H. Allen; 21s.), that the talkies delivered the death-blow to that most English of British institutions, the music-hall. As he says, after World War I. things had changed in the English way of life. "Beef, beer and John Bull were not what they were—and those things were the bulwarks of Music Hall." There will be many besides G.B.S. and Mr. Macqueen-Pope to deplore their passing, even without the nostalgia which this excellent book will arouse. It is a comprehensive work in which, I predict, not the longest-memoried octogenarian could detect an omission, whether of the names of the halls, the managers, the artists, their songs or their photographs. A generation that knew not Marie Lloyd or Dan Leno or the Promenade at the old Empire may scoff. I think, however, that having read this book they may be led to think kindly of the "something" which went out of England with the Battle of the Somme, the disappearance of the golden sovereign and "whisky at threepence a go, a glass of beer for three-ha'pence and a packet of 'fags'—five of them—for a penny."

But if we have lost something robust in the passing of old-time music-hall, the artistic life of Britain has gained by the remarkable revival of interest in the ballet. I doubt if anyone in the period between the wars could have predicted it. But there it is—and let us be thankful for it. Let us be thankful too for the inspired photography of Baron in "Baron at the Ballet" (Collins; 30s.). Inevitably the book has an introduction and a detailed commentary by Arnold Haskell. There is also an introduction by Sacheverell Sitwell. But the main importance of the book lies in the photographs. They are wonderful. There is no other word for it.

Once more I have left myself very little space for two books—each excellent in its own way. The first is "A Celtic Miscellany," by Kenneth Hurlston Jackson (Routledge; 18s.); and the other "Shikar and Safari," by Edison Marshall (Museum Press; 12s. 6d.). The one, an admirable series of translations from the Irish, Scottish, and Welsh Celtic literatures, will appeal to all lovers of beauty in language; the other, an account by an American of big-game hunting all over the world, to lovers of adventure.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



PLATINUM

WHEN the Spaniards conquered South

America, they found the Indians making white gold. This was an alloy produced by mixing gold with grains of a grey untarnishable metal, now known as platinum, a name given to it by the Spaniards from its resemblance to silver (plata). Platinum is gaining ground as a favourite metal for jewellery because, like gold it retains its lustre and does not rust or corrode. This resistance to atmospheric and chemical attack, combined with its high melting point and ability to promote chemical reactions, have made it a metal extremely valuable to modern industry. Alone or alloyed with other metals, platinum

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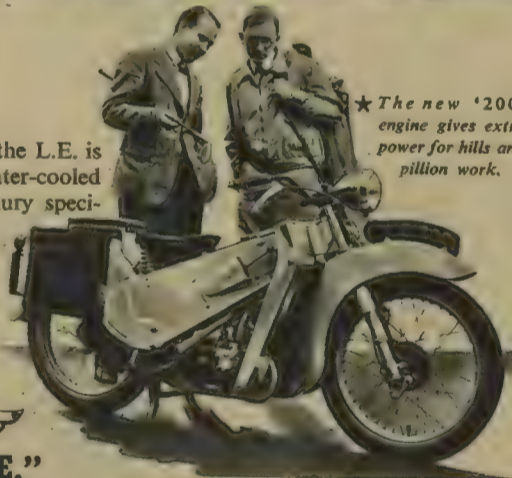
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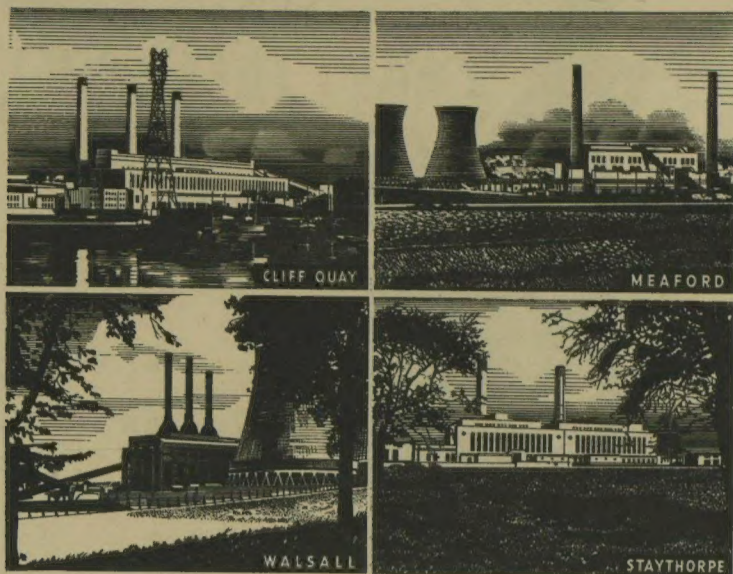
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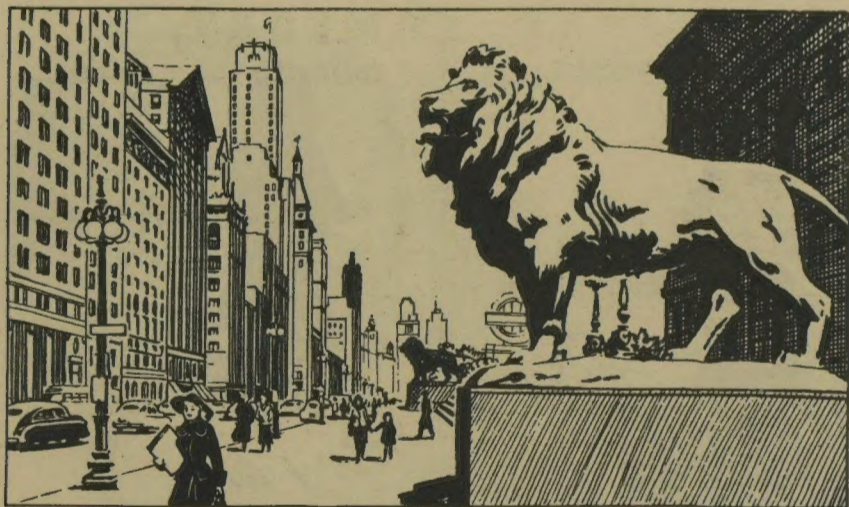
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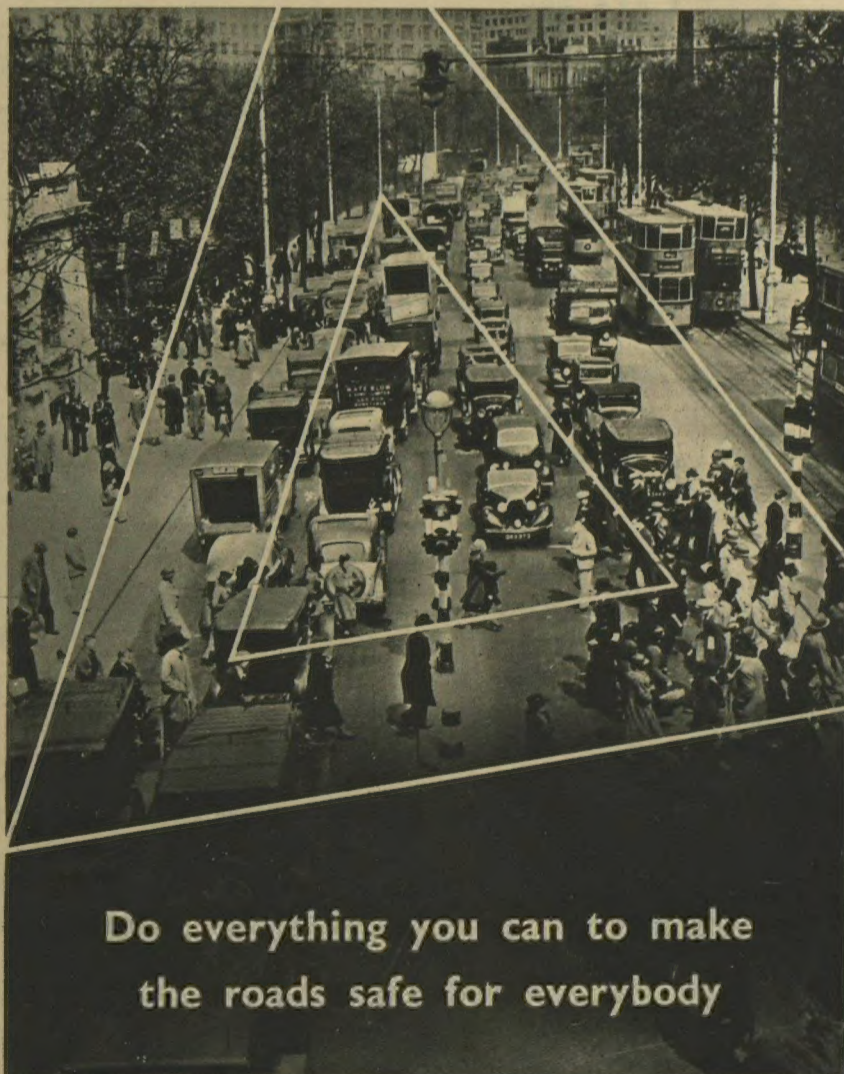
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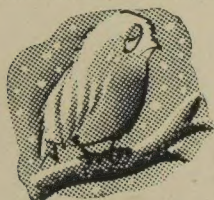
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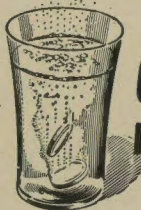
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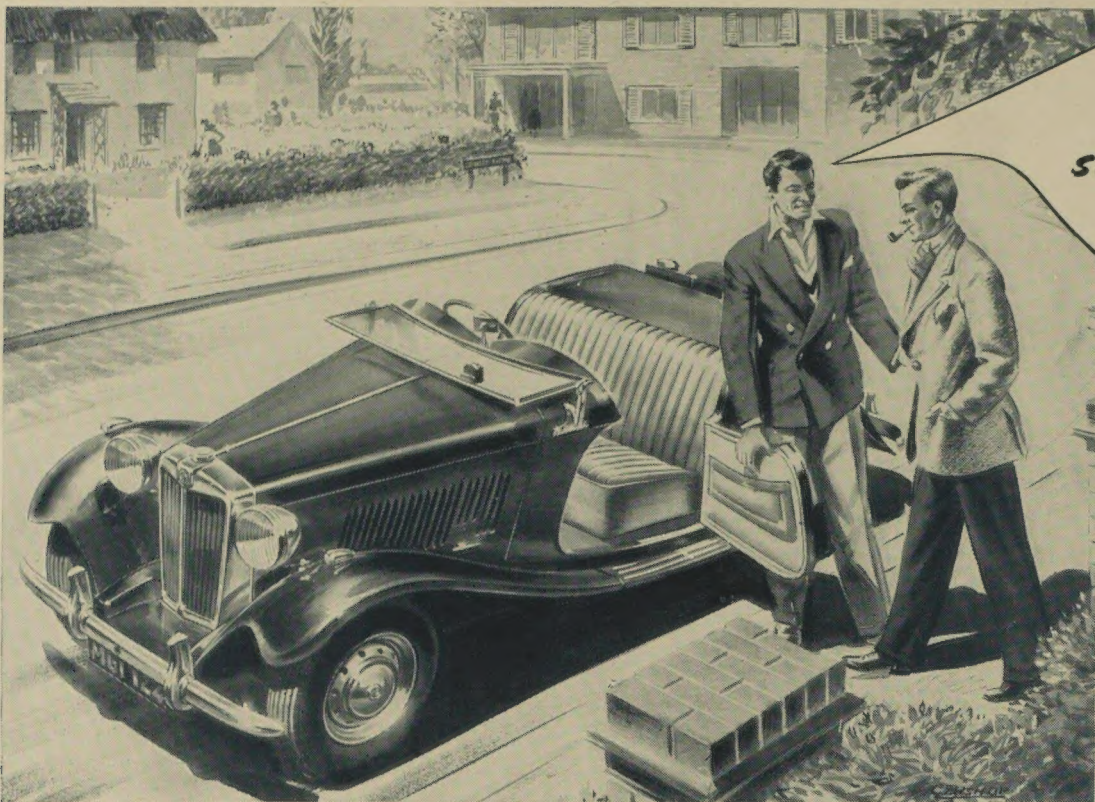
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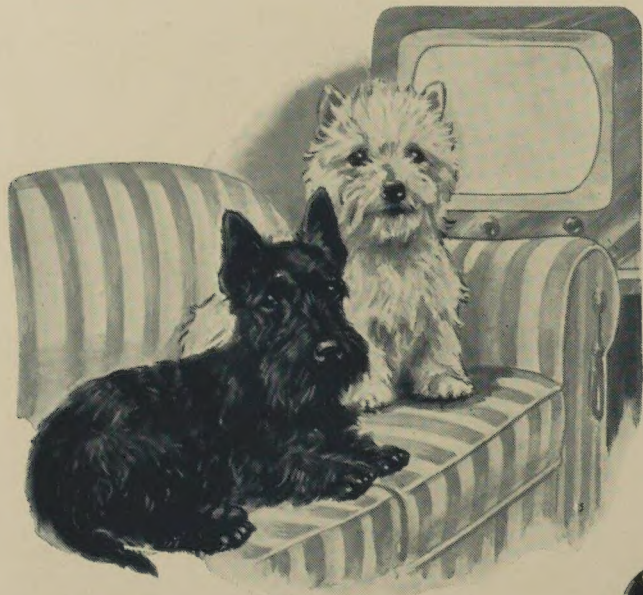
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